

# Amy Dora's Amusing Day



Frank M. Bicknell





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AMY DORA'S AMUSING DAY













*Frontispiece*

"PASSING HIS DUSTER LIGHTLY OVER HER ONCE OR  
TWICE"

*See p. 161*

# AMY DORA'S AMUSING DAY

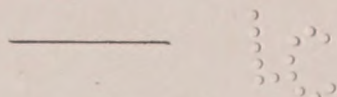
OR

The Naughty Girl Who Ran Away

Possibly some sense, certainly a good deal  
of nonsense, for the entertainment of  
those who like that sort of thing

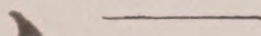
By

FRANK M. BICKNELL



WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

By FLORENCE SCOVEL SHINN



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The Baby-carriage  
That Came of Itself





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## CHAPTER I

### THE BABY-CARRIAGE THAT CAME OF ITSELF

WHAT Aunt Lucie said was, "I trust you will behave yourself while I am gone, and I'm sure you won't let the dog get out and run away;" and what Amy Dora replied was, "Certainly, and certainly not;" after which Aunt Lucie, who had undertaken the charge of her niece for the day, went off to the Horse Show with the handsome young man who hoped sometime to become Amy Dora's Uncle-by-marriage Jack.

"I promised to behave," mused Amy Dora, as she stood at the window and watched the carriage disappear around



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the corner, "but I didn't say *how* I should behave or *where*. I'm sure I can do it just exactly as well out of doors as in; and what's the use of being left to take care of one's self if one isn't to do it in the way that suits one best? I never have had the chance before, and may not have it again, and I'll tell you what I'm going to do, Amy Dora Applegate: I'm going down-town on a shopping-tour, all alone, just as Mamma does. As for that bothering dog, of course I sha'n't let him get out and run away. That *would* be silly. If he gets out and runs away it will be without any letting from me. However, I'll go and take a look at him, to be sure he's there all safe, before I leave."

The dog, which she found curled up on a hassock in the library, was a pug of the very puggiest description. So ugly was he, in spite of his sleek coat, his smart collar, and the broad piece of baby blue ribbon about his neck, that it seemed as if nobody could possibly make him an object of affection; yet Amy



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Dora's grandmother, to whom he belonged, loved him as much as if he had been a child. Nearly heart-broken, she had left him, with many fears and unnumbered cautions, while she went to spend a fortnight with an old friend who owned a mastiff so large and savage that he could, and, perhaps would, have swallowed little Gyppie in three mouthfuls. So Gyppie's mistress had tearfully entrusted him to the family of her son until her return.

"Oh, you little monster, you *are* so hideous I should think it would give you the neuralgia," cried Amy Dora, as the pug half opened his wicked, reddish eyes at her entrance. She did not like dogs very well, but this particular dog she liked less than any other she had ever seen.

Gyppie, who appeared fully to return her dislike, now opened his mouth as well as his eyes, and, baring his excellent teeth, growled threateningly, causing Amy Dora to retreat hastily and



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close the library door with her own dainty person safe outside.

“There’s no danger of his getting away,” she decided. “I don’t believe I could drive him away with a stick. I might go and tell the servants the same thing that Aunt Lucie told me—not to let him out—but they have all been told that about a hundred times already by Grandma, and couldn’t know it any better if I were to repeat it a hundred times more. They would only think I was meddling needlessly, so I am not going near them. If I don’t hurry I sha’n’t get down in season to do all the shopping I wish to.”

It will be proper to explain here that Amy Dora lived in the popular city of Yew Nork, which lies between the Yeast and the Froth Rivers, and across the Bridges just opposite the populous city of Creeklyn, where so many persons go daily to spend the night.

Descending the long flight of brownstone steps leading from her father’s beautiful brownstone house, num-





““OH, YOU LITTLE MONSTER, YOU ARE SO HIDEOUS””





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bered 4 Five hundred and sixty-seventh Street, to the sidewalk, Amy Dora, with her shopping-bag on her arm, her purse in her hand, and her handkerchief tucked under her belt, took her demure way toward the great main avenue that led to that most attractive spot, the district where the stores and shops were. She never had been downtown alone, and her knowledge of how to get there was rather vague. Still, from having gone several times with her mother, she had ideas on the subject. She understood something of the ways of trolley cars, and that it was not necessary when you wished to board one to rush out and stand in the middle of the street shaking your umbrella threateningly at the driver. The railway on the avenue had all the modern improvements, so that when she saw a car coming she simply pressed an electric button on the iron post at the corner, and immediately a gong sounded loudly, and a sign with the word "STOP!" printed on it in large letters dropped into such a



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position as to be seen plainly by the motorman.

There were no other passengers, so Amy Dora had the car all to herself, and as it was a new, clean, comfortable one, she felt much better satisfied than if she had been riding in her own private carriage. The conductor was a good-looking young man, in a spick-span uniform to match the car, and his pink, boyish face was wreathed in the pleasantest of smiles. When he came to take her fare he thanked her for the five-cent piece she handed to him, and then remarked, sociably :

“Going into the suburbs where the green fields are, I suppose? *Five hundred and seventy.*”

“Oh, no,” she replied; “I’m going down-town where the shops are.”

“Indeed!” returned the conductor, seeming a little surprised; then, after a moment of hesitation, he said, “Excuse my natural curiosity, but were you—were you thinking of going down-town in *this* car? *Five hundred and seventy-one.*”



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"I was and am," Amy Dora answered, with dignity.

"Because," the man continued, diffidently, "we are—we happen to be going the—the other way just at present."

"Oh, then I must get right out," exclaimed Dora, jumping up in a flutter.

"No, don't!" entreated the conductor; "I have much farther to go, and the car looks so lonely with no one in it—like a vase without a flower, you know. Remain and continue to—to ornament it, I beg. *Five hundred and seventy-two.* Then, moreover, you will waste nearly all your five cents if you leave now. You have ridden only about six blocks, and you might ride almost sixty. Be advised by me, and continue on to the terminus of the line. Then you can take a train on the new gravity road, which is one of the sights of the city, and go to the very end of down-town if you like; and it will cost you no more than if you were to get out now. *Five hundred and seventy-three.*"

"Very well," assented Amy Dora, re-



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seating herself; "I will do as you advise. I have plenty of time—at least I have all there is, which is as much as anybody can have."

"Quite true," said the conductor. "How do you like the scenery along my route?" he inquired presently, by way of making himself agreeable.

Amy Dora glanced through the window at the brownstone block they were passing—a block appearing exactly like a dozen others that had come before it—and replied, doubtfully:

"It is good, clean scenery, but I think—don't you yourself think there is a good deal of sameness to it?"

"*Five hundred and seventy-four.* It may be so—yes, it is so, now I come to reflect upon it," said the conductor. "By the way, if I might take the liberty, how many s's do you put at the end of the word *sameness*?"

"Which end do you mean?"

"Oh, not the front end; the rear end—the back platform, as you might say. *Five hundred and seventy-five.*"



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"I put one," returned Amy Dora.

"Oh!" remarked the conductor, in rather a disappointed tone. "Now, do you know, I fancied there were two."

"No," said Amy Dora, positively; "only one at the end, but there is another next to the end; perhaps you were thinking of that," she suggested, consolingly.

The conductor's face brightened. "*Five hundred and seventy-six*. It is quite possible I was," he said, "though spelling never has been my strong point. When I went to school down in the country the master used to have spelling-matches twice a week all summer long, and I usually got the booby prize—or would have done so had any been offered. I can tell you it was warm work standing up there and spelling as hard as you knew how for three or four hours on a July afternoon. Our master used to say, at the close of a match, 'We've had a long, dry spell, so about this time expect a change.' Then one of the big boys



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would carry around the water-pail and tin dipper and give us all a drink. *Five hundred and seventy-seven.*"

At Five Hundred and Seventy-seventh Street the car stopped and the conductor hurried out to his position on the platform. Presently there entered a tall, elderly man with a long beard, and, trotting behind him, like a dog, came an immense Angora cat of a silver-gray color. The old gentleman seated himself nearly opposite Amy Dora, and, spreading a little embroidered blanket across his knees, said, patting them and addressing the cat:

"Up, Harry!"

With amazing nimbleness, considering his bulk, the Angora sprang into his master's lap, where he seated himself with a dignified mien and began to eye Amy Dora composedly and critically.

"We sit edgewise to avoid paying two fares," the old gentleman explained to Amy Dora, then added, "I call him Harry because he *is* hairy, are n't you Harry?"



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The cat gravely nodded, while his master slowly stroked his long fur.

"And we don't like to waste money, do we?"

The cat shook his head.

"Five cents will buy a big piece of meat, eh?"

The cat nodded.

"Do you like meat, Harry?"

The cat nodded emphatically.

"Nice broiled steak, well done, eh?"

The cat shook his head several times, as if in strong disapproval.

"Oh, raw, then?" amended his master.

The cat nodded and gave voice to a very faint mew.

"He is an intelligent cat, you see," said the old gentleman, addressing Amy Dora, who was regarding the Angora with the greatest interest. "Already he can answer easy questions in *yes* and *no*, and he is learning every day. Tell the young lady about some of your accomplishments, Harry. Let us see, you are something of a player. Can you play on the flute?"



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Harry shook his head.

"On the violin, then?"

Another shake more emphatic than before.

"Dear me! Well, can you play on the bass drum?"

At this Harry nodded decidedly.

"Can he really play the bass drum?" Amy Dora asked, incredulously. "How I should like to see him—I mean hear him—no, I mean both."

"Pardon me," returned the old gentleman. "I didn't say he could play the bass drum; I said he could play *on* it. He jumps on top of the drum and plays at trying to catch his tail. It seems to amuse him a great deal."

"Oh!" said Amy Dora, in a disappointed tone.

"Still," continued the old gentleman, "Harry is not entirely unmusical. Would you like to hear him hum a tune?"

"Can he hum?"

"He can hum some. Show the young lady what you can do, Harry. Give us



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*My Bonnie*, will you? Watch his lips closely, my dear. Now, Harry."

Fixing her gaze on the cat's mouth, Amy Dora saw his lips open slightly, then she heard what might be described as something between a mew and a squeak, a very little like a hum, and a good deal like a phonograph with a sore throat trying to sing. It was not very melodious, still the air of "Bring Back My Bonnie to Me" was easily to be recognized.

"It's—it's astonishing!" exclaimed Amy Dora.

"Isn't it?" returned the old gentleman, smiling in a peculiar way; then, with an abrupt change to a graver manner, he said: "My dear, I'm an old humbug. Harry really does know a good deal, but he doesn't know quite so much as I have tried to make out. I told you to watch his lips during the musical performance so you wouldn't watch mine. It was I who made the noise away down deep in my throat. Ventriloquism, you know. Harry only



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opened his mouth; I've trained him to do it, just as I've taught him to nod or shake his head when I give him certain signals with my fingers, which, you may have noticed, I keep buried in his fur. I hope you will forgive me my little deception."

"I am very glad you told me," responded Amy Dora, "because I thought Harry was almost too wonderful a cat to be quite true."

"Yes, yes, just so—er—I believe this next is my street. Down, Harry. Good-bye." And, smiling in a friendly manner, the old gentleman refolded the blanket and departed with the Angora at his heels.

Soon after this the conductor came back to Amy Dora and continued what he had been saying from the point where he had broken off.

"If I can't spell as glibly and correctly as some others," he told her, "I can pronounce with perfect clearness—which is a great advantage to one of my calling. *Five hundred and eighty-six.*"



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"For example?" returned Amy Dora, in a questioning tone, for she did not quite understand.

"For example," he repeated, "if you wished to be let out at Five Hundred and Ninety-ninth Street, which is the nearest point to the Wouter Van Twiller Monument in Peter Stuyvescent Park, and I should shout when we reached there, 'Fi-ni-ni, neestpoinwoutvntwlr-monmt 'n Peerstvstprk,' you might not—I say it is possible you *might* not—fully realize that you had arrived at your stopping-place. But I never call streets in that slovenly way, as if my mouth were full of hot hasty pudding. On the contrary, I always speak slowly, articulate clearly, and give to each separate syllable its true value. *Five hundred and eighty-seven.*"

"I should hope so," said Amy Dora, who could not but think that he was wasting his breath in calling the streets at all when there was no one but himself and her in the car. However, perhaps he was only obeying the rules of the company.



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Just beyond Six Hundred and Twenty-first Street they arrived at the car-sheds which marked the terminus of the railway line, and as the car stopped the conductor remarked complacently :

"Now some conductors say at this point, 'Farswego, allout,' but I say, 'Madam, permit me to inform you that we have reached the extreme limit of our route, and allow me to assist you to alight.' You see the difference at once."

"Oh, yes," returned Amy Dora, much flattered at being spoken to as "madam" like a grown-up lady, "your way is far preferable, I am sure. Thank you for helping me out."

"You are very welcome," said the conductor, "and I have only to add that if you will walk the length of one block through to the next avenue you will find a station of the gravity railway."

Amy Dora thanked him again, and walked away in the direction he had indicated. The station was easily found, for it proved to be in the top of a tower



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so lofty that it seemed almost to touch the clouds.

"Oh, dear! how am I to get up there?" she exclaimed, in dismay.

"There'll be no trouble about that," said a voice near her. The speaker was a stout, red-faced, jolly-looking woman, dowdily dressed and carrying a huge, baggy umbrella. "You didn't think you'd have to walk, did you?" she queried, with a laugh. "Mercy on me! if I had to climb stairs to take a gravity train I shouldn't get down-town once in an elephant's age. No; there's an easier way than that. In each tower there's an elevator to take you up, or if you're in a hurry—"

"Oh, I'm not in the least hurry," interrupted Amy Dora.

"I say," continued the stout woman, "if you're in a hurry you can call it a *lift*; many people do nowadays. Come, and I'll show you."

Glad of a guide, Amy Dora accompanied her new acquaintance. At the foot of the tower they paid their fares



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and passed through a gate into a roomy elevator which was already nearly filled with passengers. When it started upward it did so with almost as much force as if it had been shot out of a gun, and Amy Dora was relieved when, after a few seconds, it reached the top in safety.

"Why did they build this tower so tremendously high?" she asked, as they entered one of the cars of a waiting train.

"So as to get a good start," answered the stout woman. "They use no locomotive, but go by gravity, like sliding downhill, you know."

Sure enough, at this moment a loud voice was heard calling, "Let her slide!" and the train was off at a rate of speed seeming scarcely less than that of the elevator.

"Oh, why do they go so fast?" cried Amy Dora, in some alarm.

"They can't do otherwise, there's so much downness," explained her traveling companion. "The train is running downhill, down-town, and down south—that



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is, toward the southern part of the city—which, taken altogether, makes a good deal of descent. But don't worry, it's perfectly safe, and even if it weren't what would be the good of worrying? I make it a rule never to worry. I learned a lesson of a neighbor of mine. She had a beautiful new bonnet which she was hoping to wear for the first time to church on Easter Sunday. The Saturday evening before it came up cloudy and looked like rain, although the weather people said it was going to be fair. But this woman she worried so much for fear it would rain Sunday, or for fear it would look like rain and she wouldn't know whether to venture out or not, or for fear she might go to church and get caught in a shower and ruin her beautiful new bonnet, that she actually didn't sleep a wink all night. Next day 'twas pleasant after all—not a cloud to be seen from morning till night. But the woman was down with a sick headache and couldn't lift her head from the pillow all day long. She was terri-



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bly disappointed, but if she hadn't been so foolish with her worrying she might have had a good night's rest and worn her new bonnet to church and been perfectly happy, just as well as not.

"Now I might have done a lot of worrying this very morning," the stout woman went on, "if I had been one of the worrying kind. I had planned ever so much to do down-town, and I was bothered, so I was late in starting, and I'm sure I've had enough to worry ten ordinary women. For one thing, I broke off my youngest daughter's nose—"

"What?" cried Amy Dora, in surprise.

"Oh, dear! what am I saying?" returned the stout woman, laughing. "I mean I dropped a pitcher of hot water that I was taking upstairs and broke the nose. But the pitcher was my youngest daughter's, so I suppose the nose must have been hers, too, after all."

The stout woman, who was very talkative, rattled on incessantly, although Amy Dora's attention wandered some-



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times, so much was she impressed with the novelty of her journey over—or down—the gravity road. She hardly dared look out upon the scenery lest the doing so should make her dizzy; therefore she took care to fix her gaze upon objects inside the car. She was not long in noticing a framed list of “Rules and Regulations to Passengers,” some of which read as follows:

“No JOKING. The Gravity of this Railway Must Not be Disturbed.

“Passengers are strictly forbidden to fall out of the windows—especially during busy hours.

“Passengers breaking the above rule are earnestly entreated not to fall upon the heads of passers-by in the street below—especially aged persons and young children unaccompanied by their parents.

“Passengers are courteously cautioned against throwing things at cats on the roofs along the line—particularly pet cats.

“Passengers of the male sex are



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strongly advised not to throw kisses at the servant maids hanging out clothes along the line—particularly the pretty ones.

“Passengers wishing to leave the train at any station are requested to be at the car-door one minute or less before that station is reached. Passengers desiring to leave the train between stations are requested not to do so.”

“What are you thinking about?” asked the stout woman, inquisitively, after Amy Dora had several times betrayed her inattention.

“Oh, I—I was wondering where would be a good place to go shopping,” Amy Dora answered, collecting her wits.

“What do you wish to buy?”

“I don't know that I shall really buy anything, but—”

“Then, by all manner of means, visit the great department store of Pennypuller, Pinch & Trotbouncing,” advised the stout woman; “that's the best place in the city not to buy things, because, somehow, they seldom have just what you



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want, and you can look all you like and then tell them so without fibbing."

"Does this train pass that store?" asked Amy Dora, eagerly.

"Well, no, it doesn't exactly pass it, but it passes the nearest point to it."

"Will you please tell me when we reach the nearest point. I can't understand a word the guard says."

"No, nor can any one else," returned the stout woman. "He's a foreigner, and I'm sure it's all he can do to understand himself. I—this is our station," she exclaimed, jumping up and fairly pulling Amy Dora from her seat. "Hurry and get out, or they'll carry you by."

Amy Dora hurried accordingly, having just time to set foot upon the platform before the train whizzed away. The stout woman was less fortunate, and the last Amy Dora saw of her she was leaning far over the gate of the car, waving her baggy umbrella, while the guard was holding on to her with might and main to prevent her from falling.



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The tower on which the station was built was not nearly so high as the first one—being hardly more than twelve stories—but she was glad when, after having been dropped in the elevator with great suddenness, she stood once more safe in the street. She was much annoyed, however, to find that she could not recall the name of the firm which kept the great department store. She could not inquire her way, therefore, but was forced to set out at random, hoping to come upon it by some lucky chance. But she walked on and on for a long time without seeing anything that looked like the establishment described by the stout woman.

Walking in the business part of the city was not a pleasure, she thought. People jostled her continually, the crossings were much more frequent than uptown, and she was obliged to hurry over them at breathless speed to avoid the horses' hoofs and the truck-wheels that appeared to be trying their hardest to knock her down.



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By and by she reached a side street which was a great deal less crowded than the others through which she had come. Indeed, as she looked up along it she saw on the sidewalk only one object, namely, a baby-carriage, or perambulator, or, as some call it for short, a *pram*. She looked at this little vehicle carelessly at first, then with a sudden increase of interest. Yes, she was right, it certainly was moving in her direction. Like a gravity train—though much more slowly—it was moving down the gentle decline toward her. The corner on which she stood was level; when the carriage reached her it stopped, and she bent forward to look into it.

Its occupant, apparently asleep, was so well covered as to be invisible. Hesitatingly she stretched forth her hand and lifted the several layers of lace from the pillow. She peeped in, then, with a little scream of astonishment, sprang back. What she saw there was not a baby at all, but—





The Mysterious

“Present at Window B”





## CHAPTER II

### THE MYSTERIOUS "PRESENT AT WINDOW B"

TO repeat, what Amy Dora saw in the carriage was not a baby, but—a big wax doll? No. A bundle of freshly laundered linen? No. Some packages of sugar, coffee, tea, and other groceries? Oh, no, none of these, but a small, black-faced, blunt-nosed, wicked-eyed pug dog with a sleek coat and a strip of baby blue ribbon tied around his fat neck.

"Why, Gyppie Applegate," cried Amy Dora, in amazement and consternation, "how in the world came you here?"

In lieu of reply the dog leered at her maliciously and strove to get free of his wrappings, as if preparing to jump out of the pram. Wishing to prevent this at all costs, Amy Dora conquered her



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repugnance, and, bending forward, said in her most honeyed tones :

“ You dear, darling, sweet little thing, do lie still, there's a good doggie.”

But the “ good doggie,” doubtless well aware in his secret heart that he was one of the ugliest, most ill-natured little beasts that ever lived, resented her flattery with an angry yelp, and, springing from the perambulator, scurried away up the street as fast as his short legs would allow.

“ Oh, dear! you mustn't do that,” called Amy Dora, in alarmed reproach. “ Come back, please do come back !”

The pug paid no heed to her entreaties ; if anything he made off the faster on account of them, until, in another minute, he was lost to view around a corner. Greatly distressed, she hurried after him, dragging the pram as best she could behind her, and was just in time to see him dive headlong into an overturned barrel lying in the street next the curbstone. As he did not reappear she now had some hope of catch-



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ing him. But after stealing cautiously up to the barrel she discovered, to her dismay, that it had no bottom, and that the little fellow had merely run through it. She looked hurriedly about on all sides for some trace of him, but quite in vain ; this time he had taken himself out of her sight for good.

Now what was to be done? Amy Dora knew she would be held to account for the dog's escape unless she could recapture him and get him home before Aunt Lucie had returned. Yet she could not very well hunt for him, burdened with the carriage as she was, and if she were to leave the carriage it almost surely would be stolen. While considering what she ought to do, she walked slowly along by the rear of a large warehouse until she came to a wide, open doorway, over which hung a sign, "Shipping Department." A dray was backed up to the sidewalk and two stout fellows were putting a heavy case of goods into it. Just within the doorway stood a shirt-sleeved man wearing a



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straw hat, a gunnybag apron, and very old shoes with big holes cut in the uppers. This person, who was the shipper, looked at Amy Dora in such a friendly way that she resolved to accost him.

"If you please, may I leave this carriage in your charge for a while?" she inquired.

"Certainly," the man replied; then, noticing the pillows and wraps, he asked, "Where's the little one?"

"Oh, he jumped out and ran away," she answered. "I am going to chase him now."

The man stared a little, but made no comment. He took the carriage and promised to keep it until she should call for it. She thanked him and started on.

"I fear I shall not find the naughty fellow," she said to herself; but she walked about the neighborhood looking everywhere for the pug until she was thoroughly tired out and discouraged.

"I must give up the search for the present, and go in somewhere and rest,"



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she thought. "If only I could find that place the stout woman mentioned—Moneygrabber, Pounce & Tiddleywink-tum's, or whatever else the name may be."

Almost at the next moment, chancing to raise her eyes, she read, upon an enormous sign across the street, the inscription, "Pennypuller, Pinch & Trot-bouncing's Great Department Stores."

"That's it! those are they!" she cried joyfully, and, hurrying over, she entered the spacious doorway.

The first person she met inside was a small boy in a neat green and gold uniform, who drew the door open with a flourish, made her a low bow, and inquired suavely: "What would you like to see, madam?"

"Everything," replied Amy Dora, feeling very grand at being called "madam" again.

"Yes," returned the boy, raising his eyebrows until they nearly met the borders of his sleek and nicely parted hair, "and what would you like to buy?"



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"I—I don't quite know yet," replied Amy Dora evasively. "I suppose you keep everything that any one could want."

"Well, really, I am hardly prepared to say that," returned the boy cautiously, "though we keep everything that most people want. Should you require a house-lot on Thrift Avenue, or a very large ocean steamship, or—or a million-dollar government bond, however, we might not be prepared to supply it—immediately."

Amy Dora meditated a moment, then, struck by a bright thought, exclaimed: "You have bargains, do you not?"

"Bargains!" repeated the boy, with a superior air, "well, now, I should venture to remark that we did. Why, my dear madam, this is our bargain day."

"Indeed!" said Amy Dora, looking much pleased, "I am glad to hear that. My mamma—hem! a very dear friend of mine tells me she thinks highly of bargains and always prefers to go shop-



## Amy Dora's Amusing Day

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ping on bargain days. What are some of your bargains, please!"

"Let me think," said the boy. "Oh—ah—er—our list to-day comprises some superfine three-ply potato sacks—or possibly I mean three-peck potato-sacks, and some genuine American sawhorses. I can recommend the sawhorses as being very stable. We have also," he continued, seeing that his customer did not appear interested in potato-sacks or sawhorses, "lamp-wicking and rat-tail files, doll's tooth-brushes and chimney-sweep's overalls, and—and—oh, and Japanese fire-screens marked to four ninety-nine to close."

"If I were to buy a fire-screen I should wish it to open, not to close," commented Amy Dora. "What else have you?"

"H'm! there is also on our bargain counter an assortment of especially desirable articles, such as a few forty-foot fireman's ladders, very low—"

"I never saw a forty-foot fireman," Amy Dora interrupted critically. "Fire-



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men in our part of the city, where the houses are, usually have only two feet. And as for ladders being low, I should n't think they would be of much service at a fire unless they were high. Have you nothing more suitable for a lady to take home?"

"Well," said the green and gold boy, reflectively, "for housekeepers we have bargains in ice, a seven-cent cake for four and a half; also a patent adjustable fly-screen which can be used, if desired, for a flour-sieve, a nutmeg-grater, or a dish-drainer; also our handy combination transformation board—use one side to cut your bread on for supper, use the other side to play a game of checkers on after supper, or turn it up on edge and roll it across the dining-room floor to amuse the baby when he's fretty, or to drive the cat back into the kitchen if you're too lazy to get up and chase her; also, for young ladies, we offer at a great reduction, for this day only, our patent perpetual, indestructible chewing-gum, warranted to last as long as you care to



## Amy Dora's Amusing Day

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have it, one cent a slab, or six for five; likewise, for general family use, a limited number of canary birds—”

“Oh, I should like one of the canary birds,” exclaimed Amy Dora, “and I might use—”

“Pardon me,” interposed the boy blandly, “I hadn’t finished. I was about to say that we are offering a limited number of canary birds’ bath-tubs, which can be—”

“I think I shall hardly care to look at any of your bargains to-day,” interrupted Amy Dora; “I will go and get some samples instead. Have you wheeled chairs? I am too tired to walk about this great store.”

“I haven’t wheeled any chairs,” replied the green and gold boy, “nor has anybody else about the establishment to my knowledge. If you wish to ride let me advise you take a traveler.”

“What is a traveler?”

“Why, a traveler’s ticket, I mean,” explained the boy. “We have what no other store in the country possesses, an



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extensive line of overhead trolley railway in which we send customers to any and all parts of the building. Step that way, madam, and you can get a ticket which will be good for two hours from date."

Amy Dora went over to a sort of box office, and, addressing a man behind the window, asked for a traveler.

"Want to buy or only look," he demanded sharply. He was a smallish, red-haired person with a rasping voice, jerky manners and a cross face.

"Oh, I—I hardly know yet," faltered Amy Dora, somewhat taken by surprise.

"Then we shall require a deposit of twenty-five cents," said the man, with unnecessary gruffness. "If you purchase anything, that amount will be deducted from your bill; if not, we shall keep it as part payment for our salespeople's time which you will have wasted."

Without a word more, Amy Dora laid a quarter on the window-ledge and received from the cross man a traveler's ticket. As she turned away with it in



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her hand one of a group of boys in purple and gold uniform approached her.

"What department will you visit first, madam?" he asked, deferentially.

"Take me to the confectionery counter," she replied, her ruffled feelings somewhat soothed by the civility of the purple and gold boy, which was an agreeable contrast to the crustiness of the red-haired ticket-seller.

Thereupon the purple boy, who looked enough like the green boy to have been his brother, conducted her to a big wire basket resting on the floor, and helped her to get into it. There were two seats, one in front for him and one behind it, comfortably cushioned, for her. The basket was then raised to a height of seven feet or more until it hung from a single steel rod or track, along which it ran very much like a parcel-carrier. The boy touched a lever and the conveyance started off at a moderate speed. After it had gone a considerable distance over the heads of the shoppers and salespeople, and had turned several corners by



## Amy Dora's Amusing Day

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means of switches, the boy stopped and lowered the basket. Amy Dora got out, and found herself beside the candy counter, which was heaped with every sort of confection that could be imagined.

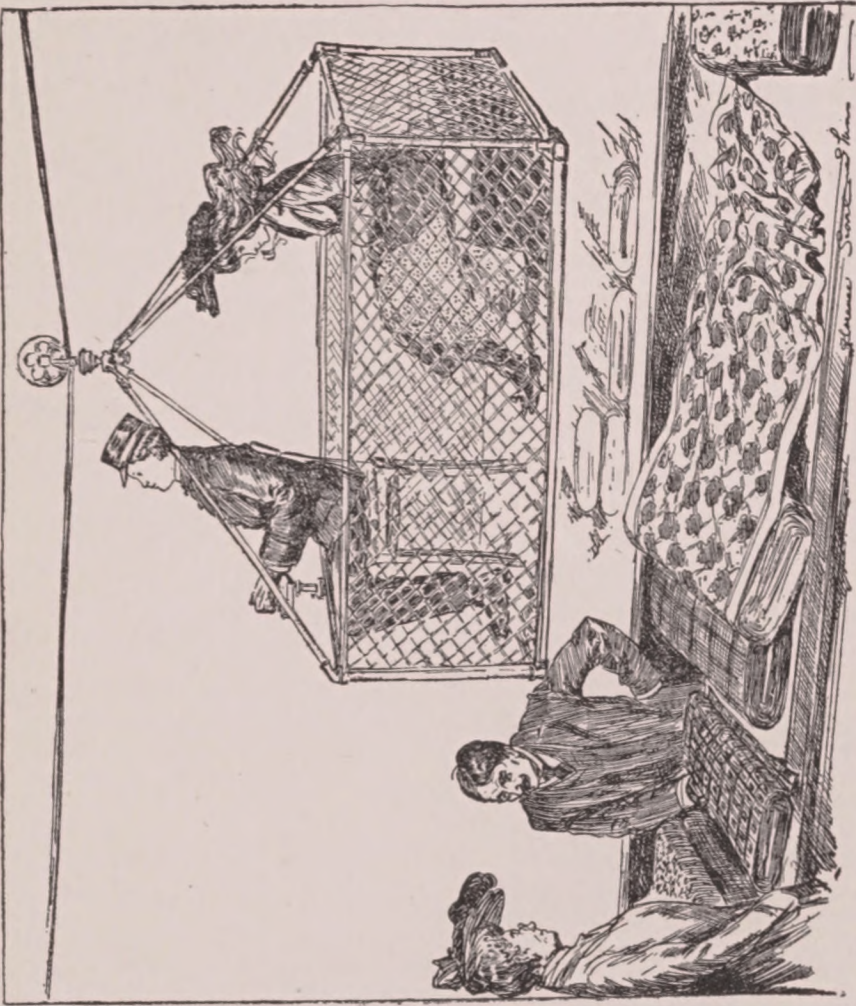
"I wish to get samples," she said to the young lady in waiting. The girl, who had a tip-tilted nose and a haughty air, seemed rather surprised, but, after muttering to herself a moment, asked, civilly enough, what particular samples were required.

"Let me see," said Amy Dora, considering, "I think I will take specimens of your candied violets, cream beechnuts, glazed pumpkin-seeds, California figs preserved in sugar, and—and *omlette soufflée*," she finished, uncertainly.

"Humph!" remarked the saleswoman under her breath, "they're usually glad to get plain chocolate-creams and gum-drops."

Amy Dora's hearing was remarkably good. "I never eat cheap candy," she retorted, with spirit.

The girl put one candied violet, one



“THE CONVEYANCE STARTED OFF AT A MODERATE PACE,”





## Amy Dora's Amusing Day

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cream beechnut, one glazed pumpkin-seed and half a California fig into a paper bag, which she then handed to Amy Dora.

"We have no *omlette soufflée*," she informed her, curtly.

"Isn't it French candy?" queried Amy Dora, in surprise.

"It's French-like enough, but it isn't candy. I advise you to go to a cook if you want any," replied the girl, and, tip-tilting her nose higher than ever, she turned away to serve another customer.

"Take me to the perfumery department now," commanded Amy Dora, as she reseated herself in the basket.

The perfumery department, being not far away, was reached before she had nibbled more than a single petal from her candied violet. There were hundreds of bottles and phials and jars all about, and the atmosphere was heavy with perfume.

"Samples of your choicest goods, please," she said briskly to the attendant.

The young lady, who was very styl-



## Amy Dora's Amusing Day

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ishly dressed, put up a pair of hands that were nearly covered with rings, and took from a shelf four large bottles and a fifth larger yet.

“Handkerchief, please,” she said, loftily.

Amy Dora took from her belt a dainty square of lawn and lace, with her initial at one corner, and gave it to the saleswoman, who then put a little of the contents of the largest bottle on the centre of the handkerchief, and some from each of the other four successively in the corners.

“Whiff-of-the-sea where the initial is,” she explained glibly, “humming-bird’s breath opposite, fairies’ finger-tips here, pink-petunia-pollen here, and odor-klone in the middle,—by the ounce, pint, quart, gallon, or barrel as low as, or lower than, you can get them elsewhere in the city.”

“Which way now?” asked the purple boy, when Amy Dora, sniffing delicately at her handkerchief, re-entered the basket.

“I am thirsty; you may steer for the soda-fountain,” said she.



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After they had started, Amy Dora noticed, coming toward her, an unusually large basket that was causing the track to sag considerably. In it was seated her stout acquaintance of the gravity train. Just as the two baskets were passing, that of the stout woman was obliged to wait a moment for the turning of a switch. Its occupant half rose and shook her baggy umbrella in salutation to Amy Dora.

"Oh, how do you do again," she called, smiling cordially. "So glad to run across you once more. Do you know, I had such a queer adventure after we got separated. Meet me at lunch and I'll tell you all—" But before she could say more her basket started onward with a jerk that threw her back into her seat, and Amy Dora quickly lost sight of her.

The soda-fountain, which was nearly as tall and large as an ancient feudal castle, occupied a prominent position in the middle of the floor and not far from the borders of a large pond that was fed by a fountain that spouted water without



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soda. Upon this pond were several swan-boats which plied around the margin and carried passengers for a small fee. In the circular space just outside were many small tables, mostly occupied by ladies and children eating iced cream. There was also a large crowd gathered about the soda-fountain, while, to wait on them, a company of white-jacketed young men stood behind its counters. Amy Dora approached one of these who chanced to be at liberty for a moment.

"I should like a sample, if you please," said she.

"Kind?" he demanded, without wasting words.

"The coldest," she answered, imitating his brevity.

The attendant seized a glass that might have held a dessert-spoonful, squirted into it something chiefly foam, and set it, in a silver-plated holder, before Amy Dora.

"We call that On-top-of-the-North-Pole-in-midwinter," said he, "and I fancy you'll find it fairly frigid."



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"Q-uite—v-very m-much s-so," she returned, with chattering teeth, as she set down the empty glass. "Do you—do you give more than one sample?"

"Not to the same customer in the same forenoon—if we know it. Good morning, madam."

After this Amy Dora rode about and visited a great many departments on more than twenty different floors, until her shopping-bag was nearly bursting with samples, and the two-hour limit of her traveler's ticket had expired. She would have liked now to go to lunch with the friendly stout woman, but as the latter had not had time to tell her where they were to meet, she hardly saw how she could do so. While she was walking slowly and aimlessly about, her foot chanced to strike against a small object which gave forth a ringing sound. She stooped and picked up from the floor a brass check on which was stamped the number "2002," and the words "Present at Window B, Dep. 114, Pennypuller, Pinch & Trotbouncing."



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She stared at this piece of brass in some wonderment. "Present at Window B," she repeated; "does that mean there is a present there for somebody—for me, perhaps? Are they giving away samples there?" But, as she considered the matter further it struck her that she had not yet hit on the right explanation. "After all," she said, "it may not be *pres-ent*, but *pre-sent*, and I am to present this at Window B, though what for I'm sure I can't guess. But if they wish me to do it I certainly shall not be so disobliging as to refuse." Then, espying a purple and gold boy a few yards distant, she approached him with the words: "Can you direct me to Window B, Dep. 114, and also tell me what it is used for?"

"Certainly, madam," returned the boy, with a polite bow, and then continued rapidly, as if he had repeated the same words a hundred times before, "To go to Window B, Department 114, you follow the farther aisle to a point beyond the last counter on your left, where you



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take the fourth of the first bank of elevators and get out in the basement. Window B will then be directly opposite you. With ordinary intelligence you can't miss it. Window B is a place where our customers—and others who take advantage of our trustful kindness, although they never think of buying a cent's worth here—may and do go to get things and other articles checked.”

Amy Dora thanked him and hurried away. She suspected he might be hinting something unpleasant to her. She had no trouble in finding Window B, behind which stood a vinegar-faced, elderly woman with corkscrew curls and a little knob of hair on the back of her head.

“Is this where you get things checked?” Amy Dora asked.

“*I* don't get things checked here,” the woman replied acidly; “*you* do, or may, if you choose. But you must leave a deposit.”

“What kind of a deposit?”

“Why, the thing you wish to get



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checked, of course," answered the woman impatiently.

"Oh! Well, I don't wish to get anything checked just now," said Amy Dora, rather abashed; "I wish to get something that has been checked already—that is, I think I do."

The woman glared at her suspiciously, took the check which she had laid on the counter, shrugged her shoulders, muttered a word or two that sounded ill-humored, and left the window.

After about three minutes she returned with a white bundle of something which she handed through the window to Amy Dora. "It's asleep," she remarked carelessly.

Amy Dora took the bundle, but when she looked at it to see what was asleep she nearly dropped it to the floor in the excess of her surprise.

"Oh!" she cried, catching the bundle and her breath at the same moment. "Oh!"

The woman had given her a real, live baby.

The Simple-Minded  
Waitress





## CHAPTER III

### THE SIMPLE-MINDED WAITRESS

“OH,” repeated Amy Dora, gazing delightedly into the baby’s face, “isn’t it sweet?”

“Yes, they all are,” returned the attendant indifferently. “Is it your little sister?”

“I don’t know yet whether it is my little sister or my little brother,” replied Amy Dora, “—that is, I mean,” she added, trying to be more accurate, “I don’t know whether it’s anybody’s little sister or broth— Oh, dear!” she broke off again, “that isn’t what I wished to say at all. I mean I don’t know whether she’s a boy or he’s a girl.”

Just then the baby awoke and began to cry lustily. “It’s a boy, I know now,” she exclaimed, eyeing it helplessly; “little girls never are so noisy and horrid as that. Oh, dear me! what



## Amy Dora's Amusing Day

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am I to do? I wish to go to lunch soon, and I can't very well take him with me."

"Perhaps he wishes to go to lunch, too," suggested the woman.

"Very likely," assented Amy Dora. "Can't you take him back and buy a quart of milk for him to drink while I am gone?" she asked.

"H'm'm'm! yes, I suppose so," said the woman, rather unwillingly; "but we shall require a cash deposit of twenty-five cents to pay for his lodgings to-night in case you should go off and forget him."

"I certainly sha'n't forget him," said Amy Dora, who intended to carry the baby home with her and ask her mother to let her keep him as a plaything; however, she handed in a twenty-five-cent piece with the baby, and received a check, which she put carefully into her portmonnaie.

Before leaving Pennypuller, Pinch & Trotbouncing's establishment she wished to make sure she had seen every-



## Amy Dora's Amusing Day

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thing worth seeing, so she approached a boy clad in red and gold to make inquiries.

"Can't you tell me whether there is anything amusing here that I haven't been to?" she asked.

"If you will tell me first what you have been to perhaps I might," the red and gold boy replied.

"Well," she said, trying to recollect, "I have been to all the counters where they give samples, and to the Ladies' Parlor, and the Furnished Cottage, and the Model Dairy, and the Grocery Department, and the Art Gallery, and—and—I don't remember any more, but I think I must have been almost everywhere."

"Have you been to the Dentist's?"

"Mercy me! no," cried Amy Dora; "you don't call it amusing to go to a dentist, do you?"

"Many of our patrons do go—not only once, but again."

"But surely they don't go for amusement?"



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"H'm! I can't say as to that," returned the red boy, rather listlessly. "I never ask why they go."

"Can you think of anything else?"

"How about the Photographer? We have one on the twenty-fifth floor."

"The twenty-fifth floor! Your building must be very high."

"Very high!" repeated the boy; "it is more than that; it is exceedingly lofty. Why, madam, we are often able to show, in our tip-topmost story, some superfine samples of clouds. Let me give you a few facts touching the magnitude of our establishment. If this building were to be laid on its side it would reach up the avenue six blocks. If our employés were to form in a single file one foot apart the line would stretch from one end of the city of Yew Nork to the other, with a loop running around into Creeklyn beside. In our cotton goods department alone we have enough material to make an awning that would cover the entire city. Likewise—"



## Amy Dora's Amusing Day

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"Very interesting," broke in Amy Dora; "but it would be even more so to see than to hear about. If you can lay your building down on its side for me, or cover the whole city with an awning, I will wait and see it."

"Not to-day, madam," said the red boy. "Now as to the photographer, he will make your photograph in any style, full length, half length, medallion, vignette, front view, three-quarters, profile, back view—if you don't wish any one to know whose likeness it is—finished while you wait by our new instantaneous process, and neatly put up in dozen packages, warranted to keep any length of time in any climate—"

"What nonsense are you talking?" Amy Dora interrupted, impatiently.

"Was it nonsense?" returned the red boy, wrinkling his forehead. "No, it was merely sense out of place. You see, I have to describe so many things to our numerous visitors that occasionally I get them mixed. It was not photographs, but our new Yewfeeder Biscuits for Girl



## Amy Dora's Amusing Day

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Babies that I meant to tell you would keep in any climate—”

“Would those Yewfeeder Biscuits do for boy babies, and how much do they cost?” Amy Dora broke in.

“We have the Yewfeedim Biscuits for Boy Babies—nearly the same thing under a slightly different name. The biscuits, likewise the photographs, come at a dollar a dozen.”

“Oh!” said Amy Dora, in a disappointed tone, for she remembered that she had not so much as a dollar in her purse.

“Do you—do you give samples?”

“No, neither of the photographs nor the biscuits; we never break the sets. If you don't wish to try a dozen of our photographs you might go up and see some one else try them.”

“I don't think that would be much fun.”

“Oh, I don't know,” returned the boy; “when there are children to be taken they sometimes make it rather interesting and lively—children and pet cats and pug dogs.”

## Amy Dora's Amusing Day

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At the mention of pug dogs Amy Dora suddenly recalled the loss of Gyp-pie, and decided that it was high time for her to go out and resume her search for him. She accordingly thanked the red and gold boy, and made her way to the street once more. But she was now so very hungry that she decided to have lunch before doing anything else. She was so fortunate, after walking only a short distance, as to espy a sign-board with the notice :

LADIES' LUNCH  
EATING AND DRINKING DONE HERE  
ALL KINDS  
WITH NEATNESS AND DISPATCH  
WHILE YOU WAIT

"This will do," she said to herself, and entered the doorway underneath the sign. She saw that the place was not at all like those where she had been taken by her mother on several occasions, yet it looked neat and respectable, and, moreover, she was too nearly famished



## Amy Dora's Amusing Day

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to be needlessly particular. She took a seat at a table near the window, and a pleasant-faced girl, dressed in a black gown with broad white collar and cuffs, came to wait on her.

"What would you like, miss?" she inquired.

"Well," returned Amy Dora, considering, "for one thing I should like to know why you put the apostrophe over the *S* on your sign."

"I didn't put it there," said the girl, tittering; "the sign-painter man did, and I suppose 'twas because he didn't know whether the apostrophe should come before the *S* or after it, so he split the difference. Can I help you to anything else to-day, miss?"

"Where is the—the programme?" asked Amy Dora, who was not quite sure how to pronounce the French word *menu*, nor yet certain the term would be used in so modest an establishment.

"The bill of fare is on the walls, miss," returned the girl, putting a napkin and a glass of water before her. Sure

## Amy Dora's Amusing Day

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enough, when Amy Dora looked around her she beheld a great many placards on the walls giving the names and prices of eatables to be obtained there. Some of them were :

BREAD AND MILK, 10 CENTS  
MUSH AND MOLASSES, 10 CENTS  
MUSHROOMS WE DON'T HAVE  
SMALL OYSTER STEW, 10 CENTS  
BOILED EGG, 5 CENTS  
CORN, GRAHAM, BROWN OR WHEAT BREAD  
WITH BUTTER, 5 CENTS  
GRIDDLE CAKES, MAPLE SYRUP, 10 CENTS  
EAT-IT-AND-SEE PUDDING, 5 CENTS  
ANY KIND OF PIE, 5 CENTS  
TEA, COFFEE OR MILK, 5 CENTS  
ICE-CREAM, ALL FLAVORS, 10 CENTS

As Amy Dora was reading these inscriptions, one after another, with a doubtful air, the waitress, who seemed a good-natured, simple soul, remarked :

“I think you'll like our victuals, miss. Folks come here real often to eat them, and they tell me they find 'em real tasteful and nourishing.”



## Amy Dora's Amusing Day

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"Perhaps so," returned Amy Dora, dubiously. "What is eat-it-and-see pudding?"

"Well, it's pudding that you eat it and see how you like it, and try to guess what it's made of," answered the waitress promptly.

"What is it made of?"

"That depends on what we have left over from the day before."

"I think I'll not take any. Have you pineapple cheese?"

"No, miss, no pineapple cheese, but apple pie'n' cheese, if you want."

After several seconds of further deliberation Amy Dora ordered oyster stew and corn bread, with griddle-cakes and coffee to come later.

The girl went to a little window connecting with the kitchen, and called: "Half a dozen in a bath and three little Indians; round o' wheats and draw one chasing after." That was restaurant English for what had been selected, and it was promptly served. As the guest began to eat, with the heartiest of



*Florence Stoddard Shinn* —

““ WHAT IS EAT-IT-AND-SEE PUDDING? ””





## Amy Dora's Amusing Day

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appetites, the sociable waitress stood watching her interestedly.

"Are those your own teeth, miss?" she asked, breaking a short silence.

"To be sure they are," Amy Dora answered, rather indignantly; "whose did you suppose they were?"

"Oh, I didn't know," returned the girl apologetically. "I kind o' thought they might be yours. They look like real good ones. Lots of folks wear false teeth nowadays, though. There's a man next door with china teeth."

"Indeed!" said Amy Dora.

"Yes; he keeps a laundry. He's a Chinaman. Do you ever go to the theatre?"

"Not very often. My mamma doesn't—I mean my most intimate friend advises me not to."

"I went last night with Wallace to an olio theatre. That's very relaxing to the mind. There was a colored man on the stage there who played a cornet real hard, so I feared he would lame himself



## Amy Dora's Amusing Day

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all over. He was black and blew anyway."

"What is an olio theatre?" asked Amy Dora.

"Why, it's a—some folks call it the vawdyvill. It's a sort of a mixed-up performance, a little of everything, and nothing very long at a time," explained the waitress vaguely. "It's where gentlemen come out on the stage all blacked up, or rigged in funny clothes like tramps, and sing real comical songs; and ladies come out dressed in party-dresses and sing songs that ain't comical, about moonlight on the lake and what is home without a mother\*, and things like that. Then there are jugglers and acrobats, and clowns, and performing dogs, and dancers, and motion pictures and—oh, and all such things as that. I tell you it's real nourish—I mean real interesting, the olio is. You must make your young man take you—the minute you get one. Won't you try some of our cake? It's real simple, it can't hurt you."



## Amy Dora's Amusing Day

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"Then I don't wish for any of it," Amy Dora announced promptly, but the waitress looked so grieved at her decision that she added pleasantly, "I have no doubt it is very nice cake, but I like unsimple cake full of plums and fruit and spices and all sorts of richness. What is your rule?"

"I don't know precisely, but there's some egg in it. It's either half a dozen eggs to one loaf, or one egg to half a dozen loaves, but anyway it's real nourishing. Perhaps there's some other species of food you'd like, miss."

"I think you may bring me a plate of ice-cream," said Amy Dora, and before she could add "vanilla flavor," the waitress was off to execute the order. When the ice-cream came it was the strangest-looking stuff Amy Dora ever had seen. In color it was very much like mud, and she could not make out at all what it was flavored with.

"This is funny ice-cream," she remarked, in a displeased tone, after tasting it cautiously.



## Amy Dora's Amusing Day

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"I don't believe you think it's so very funny," retorted the waitress, looking slightly offended, "or else you would smile instead of scowling that way."

"What flavor is it?"

"Why," exclaimed the girl, in surprise, "it's the same as we advertise," and she pointed to the placard on the wall which read "Ice-cream, All Flavors, 10 Cents," then, turning again to the guest, she continued, "We have that kind once a week. It's real convenient for using up the remnants, and it's real nourishing, too."

Amy Dora pushed back her plate. "I have had enough to eat for the present, and I have enjoyed your conversation extremely," she thought fit to say condescendingly.

"Have you, though?" exclaimed the girl, smiling in gratification. "Well, I am real glad. Some folks call me too chatty, but I'd sooner be chatty than close-mouthed. I tell Wallace—"

"Who is Wallace?" Amy Dora interrupted.



## Amy Dora's Amusing Day

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"Wallace Spilgumhacker, he's my beau; we're keeping company, and walking out together Sundays. He's a doctor's apprentice—a medical student, some folks call him. Yes, I tell Wallace I'd rather be glib than glum any day. Wallace is going to be a full-grown surgeon some time. He's real skilful now, but they won't let him operate on people very often—unless they're poor. He came and took off a broken arm for me, though, first of last week, and he did it real well."

Amy Dora eyed the waitress indig-  
nantly. Both her hands were certainly  
of flesh and blood, therefore her arms  
could not well be anything else. The  
girl must have guessed her thought, for  
she hurried on to explain.

"Of course I don't mean one of these  
arms that I carry round with me all the  
time. I was speaking of the arm of my  
arm-chair at home. I bought and paid  
for the chair with my own money, so the  
arm that got broken must be mine,  
mustn't it?"



## Amy Dora's Amusing Day

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"You remind me of the lady in the gravity train, who said she had broken her daughter's nose. I wonder if that is a family joke and you and she are related to one another. Please tell me, is your mother inclined to be stout?"

"Why, yes," answered the waitress, "I suppose you would say my mother was built sort of bulging."

"Oh, no, *I* shouldn't say that of another person's mother," Amy Dora corrected her quickly; "I should feel it would be altogether too great a liberty."

"My! but ain't you queer and particular!" cried the waitress, tittering. "Well, then, I should say she did kind of jut out more than some."

"Will you describe her more at length if—"

"My mother she ain't very lengthy; she's more broad than long."

"Then describe her at breadth. What other features has she?"

"How do you mean? She has the same features that everybody has."

"Tell me the color of her hair and



## Amy Dora's Amusing Day

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eyes, and the shape of her nose and mouth."

"Oh! her hair, it's—well, my mother is like the girl in the song that they sing at the olio: 'She was fair and the color of her hair was a sort of a delicate ginger.'"

"The stout woman—my stout woman's hair isn't at all the color of ginger; it's more like pepper and salt, black mixed with gray, you know."

"Then it can't be the same," said the waitress regretfully. "However, I have a brother; perhaps you know him. He's fourteen years old and real hearty. He works in a butcher's shop. Last week he had an adventure. It was just at closing time; he was putting something away for the night in the big meat-safe refrigerator thing, and while he was in there the butcher, not knowing it, turned the handle that fastens the door and shut him in tight. The other handle inside had got broken, so he couldn't let himself out, and the butcher locked the store and went off home. So my poor brother had



## Amy Dora's Amusing Day

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to stay in that closet all night with not a single thing to eat—except some quarters of beef and spring lamb, and a few pigs and a dozen or so of chickens, and several brace of ducks, and some heads of lettuce without vinegar, and some bunches of radish without salt, and a bushel box of summer squash, and—oh, and some cakes of compressed yeast done up in tin-foil, and a few other things like that, such as butchers keep on hand, you know. My! but I tell you he was real glad to get out next morning. He was 'most starved, besides being nearly frozen, because there was about a quarter of a ton of ice in there to keep the yeast-cakes and things fresh."

"I'm glad he got out," remarked Amy Dora. "It seemed when you were telling about it, as if he never were going to."

There was silence for a second or two, and then the waitress, who seemed to talk more for the sake of talking than because she had anything to say, broke it thus:



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"Did you ever know anybody with wooden legs, miss?"

"No, I think not," Amy Dora answered, considering, "that is unless you mean another stupid joke about table or chair legs or something of that sort."

"I mean the kind of legs you walk with," asserted the waitress. "Wallace knows a man with five of them," she added proudly.

Amy Dora compressed her lips and rose, prepared to take a dignified leave. "Oh, what a story!" she commented severely. "No man could use so many legs as that—especially wooden ones."

"I didn't say he used them," the waitress called after her, as she marched away toward the door; "he keeps them to sell to persons who have none, or very few, of their own."

Amy Dora had gone only a few blocks from the lunch-rooms when her eye was caught by a glaring sign on which was displayed the following notice:



# Amy Dora's Amusing Day

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## DITTENMUMMER'S DIME MUSEUM

STEP INSIDE AND FOR THE SMALL SUM OF  
TEN CENTS SEE

THE FATTEST FAT LADY

THE THINNEST LIVING SKELETON

THE MOST ELASTIC INDIA-RUBBER MAN

THE SWIFTEST LIGHTNING CALCULATOR

THE MOST ASTONISHING AND BEWILDERING  
HALL OF SURPRISES

THE MOST ATTRACTIVE THEATORIUM

AND

THE MOST UNRIVALLED ALL-ROUND EN-  
TERTAINMENT TO BE FOUND ANY-

WHERE IN THE POPULOUS CITY OF

YEW NORK, OR THE POPULAR

CITY OF CREEKLYN

REMEMBER THAT THE SMALL SUM  
OF ONE DIME ADMITS YOU

The Sorrows of the  
Fat Lady





## CHAPTER IV

### THE SORROWS OF THE FAT LADY

AMY DORA had never visited a place of this sort, and it seemed to her that if so much could be enjoyed for the trifling sum of ten cents it was her duty to expend that amount and enjoy it. So, quite forgetting the pug dog that was lost, the pram which she had left in care of the friendly shipper, and the baby she was going to get at Window B, she hurried across the street and through the entrance doorway of the Dime Museum.

On passing the ticket-taker she found herself in a large hall around two sides of which ran a raised platform. Upon this platform some of the "freaks," as they were called, were sitting or standing, so as to be conveniently looked at by the public. Her attention was first drawn to a tall man with black curling



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hair, a long waxed mustache, and a big diamond in his shirt-front, as well as several lesser ones on his fingers, who stood before a blackboard with a piece of chalk in his hand.

“Ladies and gentlemen,” he was calling persuasively, “please step this way for the marvelous exhibition of Professor Mather Matticks, the great Lightning Calculator, who can calculate to a nicety how often the lightning will strike in the same place on the same day, who can give you instantaneously the number of quarter-seconds that would be contained in several years and a half, who can reckon while you are asking him, how long it will take you to travel from the Little End of Nothing to the Latter Part of Nowhere, and the amount in dollars, cents, or mills that your railway ticket will cost you,—besides propounding and solving countless other curious and useful problems.”

“Humph! curious and useless problems he means,” grumbled a voice almost in Amy Dora's ears, and, turning



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with a start, she perceived that her elbow was touching the platform in front of the India-rubber Man.

"That fellow's pretensions make me weary," continued the India-rubber Man, glad to find a listener. "Why, I could be twice as smart as he thinks he is without half trying. Anybody can propound problems. Here is one. If a coal-hod holding one one hundred and oneth of a ton gives out the note C if struck with a poker when empty, what note will it emit after being half-filled?"

"Tell me which C you mean," returned Amy Dora; "there are several."

"I don't know very much about music," said the India-rubber Man, "but I should think it would be a C rather far down in the scale. Suppose we call it the C at low tide. But that's not all of the problem. How many pounds of coal must be put in to run the tone up one note, and how many octaves would the hod, from a state of emptiness to one of fulness, be capable of?"



## Amy Dora's Amusing Day

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"I'm sure I don't know," answered Amy Dora.

"I was sure you wouldn't, too. I don't either. Nor does the Professor, with all his lightning calculating. Here's another. If you can buy dates for seven cents a pound, or four pounds for a quarter, how much does one pound cost when you get four?"

"Six and a quarter cents," Amy Dora replied, after a moment's mental calculation.

"Wrong; you would have to pay three times seven, that's twenty-one, for three pounds, so the one pound costs only the difference between twenty-one and twenty-five, which is four. Here's another. I go into a shop and make a small purchase for which I offer a fifty-cent piece, that being more than the amount due. The shopman tells me he cannot make the exact change required, and asks if I have no other coin. I reply that I have another half dollar, whereupon he says, 'Let me have the two halves and I can return to you the



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right change.' What is the amount of my purchase, and what coins do I receive back?"

"I sha'n't try to guess that one, for you'd be sure to say 'wrong' again. You tell."

"The amount of my purchase was thirty-five cents, and the change given me was a quarter of a dollar and four dimes. Now, on the whole, what do you think of my problems?" asked the India-rubber Man, when Amy Dora put up her handkerchief to stifle a yawn.

"Do you wish me to tell you what I really think, or what I know you would like to have me think?"

The India-rubber Man looked slightly disconcerted. "Well," he returned hesitatingly, "suppose you tell me both, so I can have a choice."

"Certainly; I know you would like me to think them very clever, but I really do think them rather stupid."

"Tha-ank you," said the India-rubber Man, swallowing hard, as if he were taking a dose of medicine; "I'll remem-



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ber the first half of that. I am glad to inform you, however, that I have other uses beside propounding problems—such as this, for example.” Whereupon he pursed up his lips and puffed out his cheeks so enormously that his eyes became like two narrow slits, and his nose a tiny knob on the surface of what resembled more than anything else a toy balloon. Amy Dora started back in alarm, half fearing his face would explode, so tightly drawn was the skin. The India-rubber Man let out his breath and smiled complacently.

“Can you do that?” he asked.

“No, indeed! and I shouldn't wish to if I could. Were you always as elastic as you are now?”

“Oh, yes, I was born so. In early youth I was as round as a rubber ball, and even in my babyhood I was always spoken of as a fine bouncing boy.”

Being now tired of the India-rubber Man, Amy Dora passed on to the platform where the Living Skeleton was seated. He was the very thinnest person



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she ever had seen, and so melancholy-looking that she pitied him. His lean face lighted up a little as she stopped before him, and he said :

“I'm always glad to receive callers, miss. I have so much spare time on my hands, and I'm so very spare myself, that it's a real pleasure to have some one come along and help me use up one and forget the other. Conversation prevents me from thinking such a deal, and when I get to thinking full speed I do think of the strangest things. For instance, this forenoon it came across me all at once that if a pannikin is a little pan, and a manikin is a little man, why shouldn't a firkin be a little fir, a napkin a little nap, or a pumpkin a little pump?”

“I'm sure I can't say,” Amy Dora replied, wondering if the Living Skeleton might not be a trifle crazed.

“I hadn't much hope that you could,” he said, sighing. “Another thing that's been occupying my mind lately is a new game I have invented to help pass away



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the time. Shall we play it? It's quite simple."

"We might try."

"Very well, the rules are these: I ask you a question that I can answer, and if you can't answer it you must pay me a forfeit; then you must ask me a question under the same conditions; and so on in turn. Shall we begin? This is my first question: What is the simplest way to remove mountains?"

"Why, I—I'm sure I don't know," said Amy Dora. "Hire a contractor, perhaps, with a lot of dump-carts and—"

"Incorrect," broke in the Living Skeleton; "you merely dig holes and bury the mountains, which leaves a plain surface. Your turn now, and you owe me a forfeit."

"But—but yours is n't a good answer," protested Amy Dora. "That wouldn't leave a plain surface at all. What about the piles of dirt that would come out of the holes?"

"I'm sure I couldn't tell you," said the Living Skeleton, coolly; "that's your



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question, and unless you can answer it there's another forfeit my due."

"Oh, that's—that's a trick," cried Amy Dora indignantly, "and I don't like your game one bit."

"I really beg your pardon, miss," said the Living Skeleton, with an entire change of manner; "I don't like it myself nearly so well as I hoped I should. We'll call it that you don't owe me any forfeits, but only your forgiveness if I unintentionally offended you."

"Not at all, you are quite welcome—I mean it's all right," said Amy Dora, a trifle confused, and was moving on when he leaned forward to whisper confidentially:

"Just remember me to the Fat Lady when you have a chance, will you?"

She promised and presently made her way to where the Fat Lady was sitting in a chair large enough to have held a whole family of ordinary size. She was extraordinarily fat, much fatter than any one Amy Dora had ever set eyes on before. Amy Dora had thought the



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stout woman who was her fellow-passenger in the gravity train about as fat as anybody could be, but she now perceived that such was not the case. The stout woman would have looked gaunt and emaciated beside the Fat Lady.

"How do you do?" began Amy Dora. "The Living Skeleton desired to be remembered."

"I ain't feeling much worse than usual," returned the Fat Lady, in a wheezy, lugubrious voice. "I'm much obliged to the Livin' Skelington, I'm sure, and the same to him and many of 'em. I dare say you've no idee, miss, how I envy that man," she continued, sighing heavily. "My fatness is such a trial to me. It's the greatest trial I have. I don't suppose, miss, you ever was as fat as me."

Amy Dora thought this rather a foolish speech, but, not wishing to hurt the Fat Lady's feelings, she responded, after a moment of feigned reflection, during which the Fat Lady eyed her with anxious expectancy:



*Flower Scene Shun*

“THE LIVING SKELETON DESIRED TO BE REMEMBERED  
TO YOU”





## Amy Dora's Amusing Day

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"As far back as my memory goes I don't recall having been—quite."

"Well, you don't never want to be. It gives you the most—most hunched together feeling you can imagine. I'm turribul fat now, but"—she lowered her voice to an impressive whisper—"it's going to be worse. My fatness is growing on me."

"Is it?" returned Amy Dora, wondering if she expected her fatness to grow on some one else.

"Yes, and it's so inconvenient, you've no idee. When I want to go traveling, for instance. Of course I don't travel much now, but when I did use to they almost always tried to make me pay two fares in the steam-cars because I took up so much space. And in the street-cars, when they'd begin to get at all crowded, the conductor he'd be apt to say—seeing me sidewise in along with the other passengers—'Will them two ladies in pink please to set a leetle closer.' And he meant me. My! I used to feel perfectly horrid and flush all up till my face was



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a sight pinker'n ever my dress was. And me only a young girl then. I'm sure I don't know what he'd say if he was to see me now—he'd think I was three ladies, most likely. I s'pose you have some good times once in a while, miss, but I never did when I was a girl. Often, of a pleasant Sunday or a moonlight evening, I'd have just loved to go for a buggy-ride, but I never could, because after I'd got into the buggy there wouldn't be no room for the young man, without he was to set in my lap, and that *would* have looked ridiculous."

The Fat Lady hunted for her handkerchief, and meantime gave vent to what sounded so much like a snivel that Amy Dora feared she might be going to cry. In the hope of stopping her, she asked hastily :

"Have you never tried to get lean? I have heard that there are remedies to—to lesson the width of persons."

The Fat Lady gave up the search for her handkerchief and, beckoning her



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caller to come closer, said, with a mysterious air :

“ Have n't I ? The Manager he watches us cur'osities like a cat does a mouse, and we have to be awful careful what we do that would be liable to injure our value *as* cur'osities. We live here in the museum all the time, you know, have our meals and sleep and everything. Yes, we do. We don't set foot one step outside of this buildin' from one end of the season to the other. But spite o' that the Livin' Skelington and me we did contrive to hatch up a plan once. He's as tired of being thin as I be of being fat, and he'd do most anything to get an ounce or two of flesh on his bones. So we bribed the Doo-warft (she meant the Dwarf) to help us. The Doo-warft he was mighty cunnin' and he just loved money like a miser, so we paid him well and he agreed to smuggle in from a friend of his that was a 'pothecary, a bottle of anti-lean for the Livin' Skelington, and a bottle of anti-fat for me. Well, he got 'em, and we took 'em, a



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table-spoonful three times a day, just before eatin', strictly accordin' to directions—being mighty careful not to let the Manager suspect nothin'—till they was all took up. Well, the result was I got fatter and fatter every day, and the Livin' Skelington he got so awful thin that even the Manager was scared. We didn't know what to make of it till, next day after the bottles was emptied, the Bearded Lady she told me confidential that the Doo-warft had told her he'd been playing a trick on us, and had changed the mixtures in the two bottles, so that all the while I'd been taking the anti-lean, and the Livin' Skelington had been taking the anti-fat. Wa'n't that real mean of him?" concluded the Fat Lady, in an aggrieved tone. "That Doo-warft was a horrid, spiteful little beast."

"Where is the Dwarf now?" asked Amy Dora. "I should like to see him."

The Fat Lady colored and looked rather confused. "You can't," she re-



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turned, "for he is n't stoppin' 'round here any more. One day he went to sleep on the sofy in the cur'osities' private parlor, and, it being just at dusk, I didn't see him—that is I *think* I did n't—and I set down on him. No, he ain't here any more. Must you go, miss? Well, wait a minute." The Fat Lady fumbled in her pocket until at length, with some difficulty, she drew out a photograph that looked as if it, too, might have been sat upon. "I've enjoyed meetin' you so much, miss," she said, "and I hope you'll except one of my latest photos as a symptom of my regards."

After Amy Dora had left the Fat Lady, and had put the photograph away in her shopping-bag, she paid a visit to the Hall of Surprises. This seemed not to be a very popular attraction, as there were only three other persons there, an old lady and two boys who were apparently her grandsons. The boys were lively youngsters and so brimful of curiosity that they saved Amy Dora from



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the trouble and humiliation of investigating the "surprises," which were practical jokes not always of a pleasing nature to the victims.

The first was a bright new tin pan filled with what seemed to be freshly baked ginger-snaps, and having a placard inviting those who desired to "TAKE ONE." The two boys eagerly availed themselves of the opportunity, only to discover that the snaps were made of the very toughest kind of sole-leather. Further along was a comfortable-looking arm-chair labeled "DON'T SIT ON ME UNLESS YOU WANT SOME FUN." The fun, as it proved, consisted in the sitter's getting tipped out upon the floor by the action of a hidden spring the moment his weight pressed the seat. Soon after trying the chair the boys espied a knob projecting from the wall under a notice reading "DON'T PULL THIS HANDLE."

"I wonder why they don't want us to pull it," said one boy.

"That's the question," returned his



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brother. "We might pull it and learn the answer."

"Yes, let's. You pull it."

"No; we'll both pull." Whereupon the brothers, each taking hold of one side of the knob, drew it cautiously outward. The result came in the form of a drenching shower-bath which descended upon them from the ceiling. Amy Dora was very glad she had not tried this "surprise," and the two boys were rather inclined to be angry, but their grandmother said it served them right to get wet. She was a strange old lady, Amy Dora decided.

"Speaking of pulling handles," she exclaimed suddenly, "here's a conundrum. If the door-bell-handle should ask the door-bell to marry him, what might the door-bell properly reply?"

"I can't guess, I'm sure."

"It might — though it probably wouldn't — reply, 'Give me a ring,'" said the old lady, with a cackling laugh.

"Not so bad as it might be, is it?"

"Well, I hardly know whether it could



## Amy Dora's Amusing Day

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be worse or not," Amy Dora answered, and then, thinking she had not said quite the right thing, asked hurriedly: "Do you know any more?"

"No more regular conundrums. Did you ever see a tail-less cat?"

"I—I think I may have," replied Amy Dora, who wasn't sure.

"They are very convenient. It saves so much time not having to hold the kitchen door open so long to let them in or out. A cat's tail takes as much time to pass a given point as her body does, and cats are so apt to be deliberate when you want them to hurry. There is quite a colony of tail-less cats in the neighborhood where I live. Day before yesterday I saw about thirty-seven of them scampering down the road past my house as if they were going to a rat-hunt."

"What was the cause of that?"

"Well, I can't say for sure, but there is a swamp full of cat-tails about a quarter of a mile away, and they were headed toward it. Do you establish any connection?"

## Amy Dora's Amusing Day

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"Y-e-s," Amy Dora answered, taking it for a joke.

"H'm! I doubt if the cats did," retorted the old woman, and then broke out with one of her cracked laughs that sounded so disagreeable to Amy Dora that she seized the first opportunity to get away. Across the hall she had noticed a door with the announcement, "DYE MUSEUM," and on approaching nearer she was able to read, on a placard beneath, the following rhymes :

Come up, young folk, and pay your fee ;  
Then step inside where you will see  
Each col-or, tinge, or hue, or shade  
That ever was or will be made.  
We've red and yellow, brown and blue,  
Orange, violet, purple too ;  
Crimson, buff and pale sea-green—  
In short, all tints that e'er were seen.  
So when you've paid, just step inside  
And say if you're not satisfied.

Beneath this bit of doggerel was a further invitation in prose as follows :



## Amy Dora's Amusing Day

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STEP IN AND SEE OUR GRAND COMBINA-  
TION OF

ALL THE COLORS OF THE RAINBOW

ENTRANCE COSTS YOU A NICKEL

DROP IT HERE

Amy Dora put five cents into a slot underneath the direction to "Drop it here," and was immediately admitted to a room of moderate size which, to her disgust, contained nothing except bare white walls, ceiling and floor. Evidently it was another of the "surprises," and not a particularly funny one.

"Why, there are no colors here," she exclaimed. "It's a big cheat. Everything is just simply white."

"Well, isn't white the combination of all colors?" asked an invisible voice jeeringly. "If you're not satisfied read the sign at the other door."

She looked and saw a second door of similar pattern to the first, in fact exactly like it except for the difference in the inscriptions. This one bore the words:

# Amy Dora's Amusing Day

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EXIT COSTS YOU NOTHING  
DROP A TEAR

Hanging by a string below was a handkerchief, supposed to be for the use of those who were moved to shed tears of disappointment over the humbug of the Dye Museum.

In trying to find her way back to the hall of curiosities, Amy Dora espied, what she had failed to notice earlier, the following announcement placarded over a wide doorway :

## THEATORIUM

STAGE SHOW GOING ON NIGHT AND DAY  
WALK RIGHT IN

Amy Dora walked in accordingly, and took a seat among a hundred or more spectators who were facing a small stage. At one side of this stage was a square of cardboard with the words printed on it, "Professor Nimbelfinger, Legerdemain," and upon the stage was the Professor himself, a smooth, sleek, oily man, who



## Amy Dora's Amusing Day

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looked as if he might have been own brother to the Lightning Calculator. Amy Dora guessed that she was about to witness an exhibition of magic, and she settled herself comfortably for the full enjoyment of it.

The Professor's  
Magic Tricks





## CHAPTER V

### THE PROFESSOR'S MAGIC TRICKS

“**L**ADIES and gentlemen,” Professor Nimbelfinger was saying, in a droning voice and with a very incorrect pronunciation, “my first experimunt will be one of the most pleasin’ on the pogrum. It is called the Mur-raculous Lemonade. To perform it I shall need several artikuls, amongst others a table, a tray, and some glasses. Ho, there!” he called, clapping his hands and looking off at the side, “a table, tray, and glasses.”

A moment later there entered a boy with long yellow curls, dressed as a page, in soiled blue velveteen, and carrying three things which he laid before the Professor—things that did not seem to be at all what had been sent for.

“Why, why, what’s this?” the Professor demanded, in pretended astonish-



## Amy Dora's Amusing Day

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ment. "I asked for a table, tray and glasses, and you bring me these. What is the meanin' of it, sir? Explain yourself."

"I have brought you exactly what you asked for," answered the boy pertly, in a high, shrill voice, "a table, tray and glasses. Here are your glasses," holding up a pair of spectacles, "here is your tray," showing a playing-card, the three of hearts, "and this," he concluded, triumphantly displaying a folded paper, "is surely a table, a railway time-table. If this isn't the right sort of a table I can bring you a potato, which is a vegetable, also ea-table when cooked, or I can bring you an easy chair, which is comfortable, or I can perhaps find a multiplication table if that would suit you better."

"That will do," exclaimed the Professor, and, turning to his audience, he said, in a confidential undertone, "You see, ladies and gentlemen, this young man is too sharp for me. He must have been havin' a light lunch off pickled



## Amy Dora's Amusing Day

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razors, or somethin' of that sort. You will go back, sir,"—to the page—"and fetch me a wooden table, a lacquer tray and half a dozen glass tumblers—also some water, lemons, sugar and chipped ice."

The boy departed and this time brought the articles required. The Professor now went on with his trick of the Miraculous Lemonade. There were four of the lemons, and, picking them up from the table, he began to juggle with them, tossing them in the air and skilfully catching them as they fell, keeping all four flying most of the time, and talking unceasingly as he did so.

"It is a very simple thing, ladies and gentlemen," he said, "to mix lemonade when you do it yourself, but it ain't such a very simple thing to get your lemonade when you let the lemons and the sugar and the water and the other ingrejunts do the mixin' themselves without any help from you. I propose to try the latter plan and see what comes of it. I'll just drop these lemons into this



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pitcher of water, so, and dump the sugar and ice in after 'em, so, and fling the knife to cut the lemons, and the spoon to stir the sugar in atop o' the lot, so, shake 'em up, so, cover the pitcher with this big paper cone, so, and wait for the result." Having been all the while suiting the action to the word, the Professor now stepped back a few paces, waved his magic wand impressively and called:

"Presto-dig-a-tater!"

Immediately a great rattling and clinking was heard, apparently from the pitcher, lasting a few seconds and then ceasing. The Professor then bade the page boy lift the paper cone and look into the pitcher.

"What do you see?" the Professor asked, when his order had been obeyed.

"It looks like lemonade," replied the boy.

"Well, take it out amongst the ladies and gentlemen and let them tell us whether it tastes like lemonade."

The boy filled half a dozen glasses



## Amy Dora's Amusing Day

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from the pitcher and bore them on a tray down among the spectators. It was real lemonade, delicious and cold; Amy Dora knew it because she had some.

After the lemonade had been drunk and the boy had returned and gone off the stage the Professor himself came down the runway and along the centre aisle.

“For my next ixperimunt, ladies and gentlemen,” he said, “I should like to borrow a little girl. Any little girl will do. I promise to use her well and return her in perfectly good order. Now what little girl would like to assist me in performin’ my pleasin’ ixperimunt of the Mysterious Journey?”

As he asked the question the Professor chanced to look straight toward Amy Dora, whereupon she got up and stepped out into the aisle.

“Ah! that’s right,” cried the Professor, patting her approvingly on the shoulder, “that’s the talk. This little girl, ladies and gentlemen, kindly volunteers to aid me in the beautiful ixperi-



## Amy Dora's Amusing Day

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munt I am now about to perform—an ixperimunt which I do assure you is the most pleasin' to the sight and the most bafflin' to the mind of any on my intire program. Step right this way with me, little girl, and we will proceed with the ixperimunt of the Mysterious Journey."

Professor Nimbelfinger conducted Amy Dora to the stage, and explained to his audience that the apparatus used in the trick consisted simply of two flour barrels, a potted rose-bush in full bloom—and the little girl he had borrowed.

"To prepare for this ixperimunt," he went on, "I place this beautiful rose-bush on the right-hand side of the stage and cover it with one of these barrels, this way; I next place this beautiful little girl here on the left-hand side of the stage and cover her with the other barrel, this way. I next—"

As the barrel descended over Amy Dora's head the sound of the Professor's voice became muffled, so that she understood no more of what he was saying;



## Amy Dora's Amusing Day

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and almost immediately afterward she felt herself being gently lowered through the floor on a sliding trap that finally came to rest in a dimly lighted cellar beneath the stage.

"Say, I want to speak to you," whispered a voice, as she peered about her in the half dusk, at the beams, timbers, ropes, pulleys and scores of other things by which she was surrounded.

The speaker she presently made out to be a grimy-looking small boy with short red hair, and clad in a dirty shirt and a pair of faded overalls. As her eyes grew more accustomed to the light—or lack of it—she discovered, much to her astonishment, that the urchin was no other than the page boy she had seen above. His light curls and velveteen suit were gone, but his face and voice were unmistakable.

"Didn't know me at first, did you?" he remarked, grinning at her evident bewilderment. "It makes a difference what a feller has on."

"It certainly does," she returned rather



## Amy Dora's Amusing Day

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dryly. "What do you wish to say to me?"

"Come off first, and I'll tell you," he replied; and, drawing her skirts together, she stepped off the trap. As she was doing so she noticed that the rose-bush had found its way to the cellar by means of a trap similar to that which had brought her.

"I'm going to play a gay old trick on his nibs, just the best you ever saw," announced the boy, with a malicious grin.

"Whom do you mean by his nibs?"

"Why, the Professor, of course. Say, he thinks this trick he's doing now is the greatest trick that ever was invented, but I'll show him a trick that'll knock his trick silly. You'll see."

"It seems to me I wouldn't do that," she advised, feeling sure the boy intended some piece of mischief which the Professor would not enjoy.

"Well, it seems to me I would, so that's the difference," he retorted. "He hasn't paid me a single cent of wages for



## Amy Dora's Amusing Day

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more than two months, and I'm going to take it out of him some way. I said I'd get even with him, and I just will. You'll see. This that I'm going to send up—I won't tell you what it is—it ran in just in time. Oh, I tell you it's going to be the best trick ever. I'll bet the folks up there will laugh fit to burst—but the laugh will be on the Professor."

"I don't see why you should wish to play a trick on the poor man," remonstrated Amy Dora.

"Humph! you would see if the mean old hunks hadn't paid you any wages for two months."

"But he hasn't paid me any wages for two months," argued Amy Dora; "he's never even paid me any wages at all, and I working for him, too, helping about this trick. Suppose you give up trying to play your trick," she urged persuasively.

"Oh, bother! suppose I don't," exclaimed the boy. "Well, say, you get onto that other trap while I put the rose-bush on this, 'cause they've both got to



## Amy Dora's Amusing Day

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go aloft in a minute, so's to be in place by the time the old humbug has finished his gibble-gabble."

Not at all sure that the urchin would take her advice—quite sure, indeed, that he would not—Amy Dora stepped upon the other trap, and a few moments later was raised to the level of the stage, coming up under the barrel opposite that with which the Professor had covered her. It was evident that the "Mysterious Journey" consisted in the supposed invisible flight, through the air and across the stage, of the rose-bush and Amy Dora, each to the barrel opposite that first occupied. Amy Dora heard the Professor's wand rap on her barrel, then the barrel was lifted and set one side.

"Here, in place of the beautiful rose-bush, we have the beautiful little girl," said the Professor, with a self-satisfied smirk, "and here," he continued, quickly crossing the stage and lifting the other barrel, "in place of the beautiful little girl, we have the beautiful—"



## Amy Dora's Amusing Day

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“Bow ! wow ! wow ! wow, wow, wow !”

The astonished Professor Nimbelfinger backed away so suddenly that he fell over and sprawled awkwardly on the floor, as a vicious, ugly-looking little pug dog sprang from under the second barrel almost directly into his face. The naughty page boy had substituted the dog for the beautiful rose-bush, and his trick was a complete success,—whatever might be said of the Professor's.

At sight of the pug Amy Dora forgot all else, and, without waiting to see the mortified Professor pick himself up, or to hear the shouts of merriment that rose from the audience, she hurried away after the dog, which she recognized by his knot of baby blue ribbon, as the one that had escaped from the pram earlier in the day. This time she must certainly catch him, and she followed him in hot haste off the stage and in and out among the pieces of scenery with which the back of it was encumbered.

But the dog had no more mind to be



## Amy Dora's Amusing Day

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caught now than in the first place, and he dodged and eluded her so adroitly that she saw she was to have her hands full before she succeeded in capturing him. Once she got the end of his tail between her thumb and finger, but he twitched it away again, and once she got a better hold of the same appendage, when, turning on her with a vicious snap and a terrifying show of teeth, he frightened her into releasing him.

At one side of the back of the stage was an open window. The pug now made straight for it, jumped upon the sill, and, before Amy Dora could come up with him, sprang out and disappeared. She reached the spot a few seconds later and looked out. A foot or so beneath the window was one of the little iron platforms of a fire-escape with steps leading up and down. The dog was scampering upward as fast as he could go. She stepped out through the window and began to mount the stairs after him. He looked round at her with a



## Amy Dora's Amusing Day

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sort of evil grin, and kept on his way at a somewhat faster pace. So she followed him until both arrived upon a flat roof covered with tar and gravel. Amy Dora hoped she now had the little beast, for the roof was not very large, and surely he would not be so crazy as to jump off. No, the pug had no notion of risking death in that fashion, but after Amy Dora had chased him several times around a chimney, he leaped upon its top and stood there, mouth open and teeth bared, defying her. She circled cautiously about the chimney half a dozen times, but he always turned, too, so as to face her, barking so angrily all the while that she was afraid to touch him.

Finally, tired and discouraged, she sat down on the roof to rest and consider what to do next. As she sat there she suddenly recalled how funny the Professor had looked when he fell over backward, and the recollection made her laugh so much that for a moment she forgot to watch the pug. Then, when



## Amy Dora's Amusing Day

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she glanced at the chimney again, he had disappeared.

She sprang up with a cry of dismay. Had the dog fallen into the chimney, or —she ran to the fire-escape, and discovered that he was already half-way down it. She went after him as fast as she could, prudently, but it was too late for her to hope to overtake him. At the bottom of the fire-escape, which ended nearly six feet from the ground, the pug jumped daringly to the sidewalk. She feared to follow his example, and by the time she reached the same spot by a much more roundabout route he had completely vanished.

There was nothing to be done but to give up the chase once more, and Amy Dora decided that she might as well be enjoying herself while she could, so she resolved to do as her mother sometimes did and pay a visit to the hair-dresser. An inquiry of a policeman resulted in her finding, nearby, an establishment over which was to be seen the following announcement:



# Amy Dora's Amusing Day

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CONRAD SHEARINSKI

AMPUTATOR OF LOCKS

HAIR CUT WHILE YOU WAIT

CAPILLARY SURGEON

RESERVED SEATS FOR LADIES

When she entered this place a young journeyman hairdresser came forward and conducted her to a chair. She seated herself sedately and, while he was swaddling her in a voluminous cambric wrapper, said:

"You may cut the ends of my hair—I mean the outside ends—a very little, and then you may brush and fuss over what is left a good deal."

The journeyman hairdresser, who had a melancholy expression of countenance, bowed and, without uttering a single word, fell busily to work. He took a long time and did his work very carefully. When, at length, he had finished, he bent over and murmured, in low, sad tones, the query:

"Shampoo?"

Amy Dora drew herself up haughtily,



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looked at the image of the journeyman hair-dresser reflected in the mirror before her, and then twisted herself about so as to look at the real journeyman hair-dresser behind her. He spoke with a slight lisp, but she had understood him perfectly.

"*Sham-poo!*" she repeated, in high disdain, "certainly *not*. *Real* poo, or none at all."

The young man bowed low and proceeded to execute her order to the best of his ability, but all the while without uttering a syllable. The real poo took even more time than the trimming of the hair, and finally Amy Dora grew impatient at the prolonged silence.

"Why don't you talk?" she demanded. "I have heard that persons of your—your persuasion are talkative, yet all the while I've been in this chair you've said only one word, *shampoo*, and that you ought not to have said."

"To be quite candid, madam," returned the journeyman hair-dresser in his soft, sad, lisping voice, "though by





“REAL POO, OR NONE AT ALL”





## Amy Dora's Amusing Day

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nature talkative, I am timid with members of your sex. Beside which I am not quite myself to-day."

"Do you mean you are partly somebody else?"

"I mean that I have been upset by an incident that happened at my house—that is my wife's and mine—this morning. It shook my nerves so they are shaking still."

"I don't see how they can be still if they are shaking. What was the incident?"

"Madam," replied the young man, so much moved that he lisped more than usual, "it wath of a motht painful nature. A large clothed horthe jumped through the thmall bay window in my—"

"Don't you mean *fell* through?" broke in Amy Dora.

The journeyman hairdresser looked troubled at this interruption, and hesitated a long time before speaking.

"What did I thay?" he finally inquired.



## Amy Dora's Amusing Day

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"I may have misunderstood you, but I thought you said that a large clothes-horse jumped through a small bay-window."

"Dear me," he said, in a discouraged tone, but taking extra care not to lisp again, "the incident mixed me up some, and you have mixed me up some more. What really happened is this: A small bay horse jumped through a large closed window in my wife's and my front parlor."

"Ah! so it was the horse that was bay, and not the window."

"I—I think so," he answered uncertainly, "though perhaps he was more on the sorrel shading into seal-brown with white trimmings—I mean white feet. You see he came in on us so suddenly, and we were so busy trying to get him to go that I really didn't take particular notice of his complexion."

"That was fairly interesting," said Amy Dora patronizingly. "Talk some more, please."

"What shall I say?"



## Amy Dora's Amusing Day

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"Oh, anything you choose that's worth hearing."

"Very well. Did you ever happen, when you had unexpected visitors, to borrow a soup-tureen of a neighbor living a mile away?"

"No, indeed; I never have borrowed a soup-tureen of anybody. Why?"

"I was thinking what a deal of trouble it makes," sighed the hair-dresser. "You have to walk two miles there and back to get the tureen, and two more there and back to return it: that makes four miles. Now if you could only return it first on your way over, and borrow it afterward on your way back you would have to walk but half the distance. Ah! yes, there are so many things that would be more convenient if different. For another example, babies wear flannels, which have to be washed. Flannels shrink from washing, they become smaller, whereas babies grow larger. If babies decreased in size, or flannels increased, how much better they would fit each other."



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"I have heard," put in Amy Dora slyly, "that some babies shrink from washing."

The hair-dresser looked at her dubiously. It was clear that he did not see the joke. "I never heard that before," he said gravely. "It is very interesting—if true. And, speaking of water, it rained yesterday and I forgot my rubbers. Some persons call them gums, some galoshes, but rubbers by any other name would swell the feet. You are doubtless aware that rubbers when worn too long give your feet an uncomfortable feeling—draw them, as we say. Strange, is it not, that rubbers should draw anything, when usually it is the pencils that draw and the rubbers that erase? However, in spite of the rain—or because of it—I had the good luck to rescue a maiden in distress. You have heard of the hero in the story-books who rushes boldly into the street, stops a runaway, and afterward marries the beauteous maiden. I didn't exactly stop a runaway, but I did stop a get-away,



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or a blow-away. It was an umbrella that came rolling down a hilly street before the wind, with a pretty girl trying vainly to overtake it, and getting more and more wet all the while. I was able to catch and restore the umbrella, but I haven't married the maiden yet."

"It would be rather soon for that if you rescued her only yesterday."

"True," returned the young man, sighing deeply, "and also my present wife is still living, or was when I left home."

Amy Dora hardly knew what to say, so she kept silent for some minutes, as likewise did the journeyman hair-dresser. But he was so very slow in finishing the real poo that she began to get restless and to fidget about in her chair. He noticed this and said, by and by:

"I have often thought how handy it would be if our patrons could call and leave their heads here to be operated on, and then go off and attend to other business until we had finished."

"I hardly see what other business a



## Amy Dora's Amusing Day

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person without a head could attend to," said Amy Dora, who did not think this a strikingly brilliant idea.

"Oh, I don't know," returned the young man meditatively; "I suppose he wouldn't be likely to visit his hatter, but he might go and get fitted for a pair of shoes. Still," he added, after a moment's further thought, "as persons sometimes lose their heads, even under present conditions, probably it is just as well that they can't take them off and leave them with us. If a man should forget where he had left his head, and at closing time we should find ourselves with an unclaimed stray head on our hands it might be awkward."

"No doubt," said Amy Dora. "You needn't talk any more. Thank you for what you have said. I must go now."

On the sidewalk, not far from the hair-dressing rooms, Amy Dora heard some one from the opposite side of the street calling:

"Oh, how do you do once more?"

As she looked over to see who it was, a



## Amy Dora's Amusing Day

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fellow who had slouched up near her suddenly snatched her purse and ran around the corner with it before she could begin to recover from her surprise.

"Oh, what a shame!" she lamented, when she realized what had happened, "he's taken my purse with that baby in it—I mean with the check for the baby that I was going to get at Window B in it. Now I can't have the baby, and I haven't a cent of money to pay my carfare home with, and my home must be four or five hundred blocks away, and I never can walk such a distance in the world, and—and—oh, dear! I don't know what I shall do. Then Gyppe is lost beside, and I've been a naughty girl, and everything seems to have got into just the horriddest kind of a snarl."

On the whole, Amy Dora felt more than half inclined to give up and indulge in a good hard cry.





The Queer Old  
Waxworks Man





## CHAPTER VI

### THE QUEER OLD WAXWORKS MAN

“DON’T take on so about it, miss,” spoke up a young workman, who had chanced to be near; “I’ll catch the scamp and bring back the wallet, never you fret;” and, without giving her time to thank him for his offer, he, too, was off and out of sight.

Thus comforted, Amy Dora felt less than half inclined to cry, and soon not inclined that way at all. Just then the person across the street, who had hailed her, and who proved to be the stout woman, came waddling over with her baggy umbrella bulging more than ever and her pink face overspread with the friendliest of smiles.

“I’ll tell you what to do,” she said, when Amy Dora had explained about the theft of her pocketbook. “Don’t you worry one mite, but by and by you



## Amy Dora's Amusing Day

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go to the check-room, and if the man gets the purse back he'll come there to report it, and if he doesn't the thief will come, hoping to get something valuable in exchange for the check. I'll show you the way to the store, and you can rest yourself in the parlor while you're waiting."

This advice seeming good, Amy Dora walked along beside her stout friend. Before long something about the appearance of the baggy umbrella attracted her attention and she could not refrain from asking:

"What have you in there—bargains?"

The stout woman laughed. "No," she answered, "but I did get some perfectly beautiful bargains at Wawn Jonnymaker's Imperial Emporium—marked down below cost, every one of them. They are going to send them, and I must be getting home, for I'm so eager to show them to my daughters. My daughters say I don't know how to shop, but I got more than twenty-five different things to-day, and every one a solid



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bargain. To be sure, I was nearly squeezed to death getting them, and had my gown almost torn off my back, but they're mine now, bought and paid for and on the way home by this time, I hope. I haven't yet decided what I shall do with the railway spikes, pill-boxes and thumb-screws, or with the blacksmith's apron slightly soiled, or with the last year's almanacs damaged by smoke, or with the leaky thermometers, but I guess I shall find a use for them all if I only keep them long enough."

"What was that adventure you were going to tell me about when we met and passed this morning?" asked Amy Dora, as they continued onward.

"Sure enough," responded the stout woman, "I'd forgotten, so much has happened since, but it was the queerest experience—and disagreeable too. I'm glad you left the gravity train when you did; it ran away just afterward. The brakes wouldn't work, or something, and it ran for thirteen blocks before they



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could stop it, and then it stuck fast half-way between two stations. To do their best they could n't make it budge. We were only about a block and a half from the end of the road, and the gravity had nearly given out—just like a clock that has run down. It was in a horrid place where we were, the very downest down-town part of the city, where the hogsheads of molasses and the hides and leather are, and the cases of boots and shoes, and the bales of wool and the pieces of rattly, bangy iron that make so much noise when they are carted through the streets, and the emigrants and the bad smells, and all those disagreeable things. That's where the train stopped, and that's where it is now for aught I know to the contrary."

"But how did you get down?" Amy Dora asked. "Did they bring a ladder for you to climb down on?"

"No; that's the queerest part of the whole adventure. You see I was standing on the platform, so I could get off at the first possible moment, and when the



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train finally stopped the passengers were in such a fright because of its running away that they all came rushing out like a flock of crazy sheep. Well, they naturally pushed up against me, and they pushed so hard that they crowded me overboard."

"Dear me! did you fall? weren't you hurt?" cried Amy Dora, in amazement.

"I fell," replied the stout woman tranquilly, "but I wasn't hurt. It was only about five stories up, and I had my umbrella. When I began to descend the air got in under that and opened it wide. You see it's a good big one, and it acted like a parachute, holding part of my weight so that I sailed gently down until finally I stepped on the ground just as easy as if I had been coming down-stairs. But my! I shouldn't want to risk it again. Just before I landed I nearly stepped on an old gentleman's head. He was a real nice old man, too, and when my foot hit the brim of his hat and knocked it off he didn't say a word. The hat wasn't hurt, but I



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should feel easier in my mind if I were sure I didn't graze some of the skin off his nose as I was passing down."

"That was an adventure," remarked Amy Dora, drawing a long breath. "Now won't you please tell me what that is in your umbrella, It acts as if—as if it were alive."

The stout woman laughed again. "And so it is very much alive," she said. "Look here," and, cautiously opening her umbrella a little, she allowed Amy Dora to peep in and see a pair of wicked black eyes, a stubby black nose, and two rows of excellent white teeth, besides giving her a glimpse of a strip of baby blue ribbon that had a most familiar air.

"Why, it's Gyppie," Amy Dora exclaimed, "where did you find him?"

"He came to me in the street, ran against me, by accident, I suppose, but he looked so much like my next to the youngest daughter's dog that I couldn't avoid reaching right out and grabbing him. He hated dreadfully to be caught



“‘I SAILED GENTLY DOWN’”





## Amy Dora's Amusing Day

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and he's been no end of trouble since. He's very restless, you see," she went on, as a violent convulsive movement agitated the umbrella covering. "I put him in here for safe keeping, but once when it sprinkled a little and I didn't want to wet my bonnet, I forgot all about him and raised the umbrella. When he came tumbling out I guess the people nearby thought it had begun to rain cats and dogs. I was lucky to get him again. A gentleman who was carrying home a hammock lassoed him or netted him, or something—anyhow he caught him, and I popped him back into the umbrella and let my bonnet take care of itself. The little scamp would like to get away again, I've no doubt. Did I hear you call him Gyppie? He's a friend of yours, then?"

"Not of mine, but of my grandmother's; I'm only slightly acquainted with him," Amy Dora answered. "I left him at home when I came down-town, but he must have escaped from the house in some way. I don't see how he man-



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aged to get so far from home—unless he came in the gravity train.”

“Some dogs are very knowing. Do you wish to take him?”

“Why, I don't know,” returned Amy Dora hesitatingly. “I couldn't carry him unless you would lend me your umbrella, and of course I shouldn't like to ask you to do that. And, beside, he's so heavy I couldn't carry him very well anyway. I don't see what I am going to do.”

“I've an idea,” said the stout woman, after thinking hard for a moment. “I'll just call and hand him over to the Parcel Delivery people, and they'll tag him and take him home for you. That will be better than having him tag you around all the rest of the day.”

“Oh, if you only will,” said Amy Dora, feeling greatly relieved; and, after giving the stout woman her address, and receiving from her full directions for finding Pennypuller, Pinch & Trot-bouncing's, she parted from her much easier in mind than she had been for



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some time. Before she could reach the great department store, however, her attention was turned from it and everything else by the gaudily painted front of a place of amusement over the doorway of which she read this alluring announcement:

MADAME TROUSSEAUX'S UNRIVALED  
COLLECTION OF WAXWORKS  
CAN BE SEEN TO-DAY FOR TWENTY-FIVE  
CENTS

TO-MORROW WILL COST YOU FIFTY  
EMBRACE THE OPPORTUNITY BEFORE IT  
IS TOO LATE

"I never shall have a better chance to save twenty-five cents," thought Amy Dora. "My father says the next best thing to earning money is saving it, and as I can't earn any I must try and save all I can. It is my duty to go in there and—" But at this moment she remembered the loss of her pocketbook, and exclaimed, in a tone of deep disappointment: "Oh, what a shame! I can't save



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even that one little quarter, and I may not have another chance for ever and ever so long."

However, the entrance looked attractive, and as there could be no charge for visiting that, she mounted the broad flight of steps that led to the lobby where the ticket-office was situated. The only person she saw there, besides the ticket-seller, was a woman who seemed to be bending down to tie her shoe. But when Amy Dora drew nearer she discovered that the woman was not of flesh and blood, but one of Madame Trousseau's collection of wax figures placed at the entrance as an advertisement of what was to be seen inside. While she was standing quite motionless, gazing in round-eyed surprise at this dummy, several persons came along to visit the show.

"Just look at that little girl!" cried one of them, "isn't she too natural for anything?"

As they passed onward it dawned upon Amy Dora that they had mistaken her,



## Amy Dora's Amusing Day

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with her golden hair, blue eyes and pink cheeks, for a wax figure, and a bright idea came into her head.

"Perhaps, after all, I may get in without paying," she thought. "If I stand perfectly stick, stack, stock still and don't move an eyelash, they may think I am a waxwork and take me and put me with the others."

She had hardly resolved on trying this scheme when there appeared from within an odd-looking old man, small and shriveled and stoop-shouldered and shaky. He wore a sort of uniform, much faded, and his cap bore upon its front the letters in tarnished gilt, "M. T. W. W." He carried an enormous feather duster, and, in a doddering, pottering way, began to dust the paint-work about the lobby. This done, he proceeded to dust the woman tying her shoe-lace, and then he caught sight of Amy Dora.

"I van!" he exclaimed, in a queer, cracked voice, and with a start of surprise, "however did *you* git here?"

Amy Dora almost forgot herself so far



## Amy Dora's Amusing Day

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as to answer him, but without seeming to notice the silent movement which she made before recovering herself—his eyes were weak and watery—he went on, talking to himself:

“It must be one o’ them new figgers that Madam’s been and bought. They hadn’t ought to’ve left it stan’in’ here; it might a got stole if I hadn’t happened to come out. I’ll take it along inside.”

Thereupon, raising Amy Dora in his arms, he carried her through a private door into a hall containing a great many wax images of men and women, supposed to be correct representations of kings and queens, presidents and rulers, and other illustrious personages, living or dead, from various parts of the world. An orchestra of dark, foreign-looking men was playing on a stage at one end, and a few scores of visitors were either gathered near to listen to the music, or wandering about the hall gazing at the figures.

“Now what’ll I do with her?” the old fellow mumbled—evidently he had a confirmed habit of talking to himself.



## Amy Dora's Amusing Day

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"Shall I put her in 'long o' Queen Victory's grandchildren—one more o' less o' them wouldn't count—or shall I pop her in 'mongst the Emp'ror o' Germany's fambly, or in with the See-zar o' Rooshy's darters? Le' me see, one o' the See-zar's gals has been took away temp'ry to git fixed 'count o' fallin' over t'other day an' barkin' her nose. I guess I'll—"

At this moment his soliloquy was interrupted. Amy Dora, who had been keeping her eyes wide open that she might see everything there was to be seen, suddenly saw something which she had no desire whatever to see. This was no less a spectacle than that of her Aunt Lucie, with the probable future Uncle Jack, crossing the floor and coming almost directly toward her. There were few other visitors in that part of the hall, and either Aunt Lucie or Mr. Jack would be almost certain to see and recognize Amy Dora, the latter thought guiltily, in which case she was sure of getting a talking-to and being sent home



## Amy Dora's Amusing Day

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in disgrace. She was not willing to give up her liberty without an effort, but the only thing she could think of to do was to turn her head a little so as to hide her face against the old man's shoulder. This idea she managed to carry out, but unluckily the flowers and ornaments with which her large hat was trimmed got into the old man's face and tickled his nose so as to make him sneeze.

"Ah! kishoo! kishoo! kishoo-oo-ooo!"

He sneezed with such violence that he shook himself all over, and not only that but he nearly dropped Amy Dora. Fearing a fall, she instinctively clutched at him to save herself, which action startled him so badly that again he almost let her go.

"I van!" he cried, in a scared voice, "what's got into me? I'd ha' bet a cookie that the figger ketched a holt o' me then. Must ha' been my 'magination, I s'pose."

Amy Dora stiffened herself so as to



## Amy Dora's Amusing Day

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become as much like a wax figure as possible, and the old man continued on his way toward the group made up of the Czar of Russia and his family. Meanwhile Aunt Lucie and Mr. Jack had passed on and the immediate peril was over.

"There!" quoth the old fellow, setting Amy Dora down with an air of relief, "you'll do for the Prensuss Olgy till the real Prensuss gits back from the hawspittle." Then, after passing his duster lightly over her once or twice, greatly to her discomfort when it brushed across her face, he went shamblingly away.

From her position behind the court train of the Czarina of Russia, Amy Dora could command a good view of the hall, which as the afternoon was waning had now become nearly emptied of visitors. But to her vexation, Aunt Lucie and Mr. Jack persisted in remaining. They had found a cosy nook over where some of the English Kings stood or sat in regal state—near Henry VIII



## Amy Dora's Amusing Day

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and his six wives. Here they ensconced themselves with heads very close together, quite as if they intended to stay as long as the waxworks show remained open. Their position was directly opposite that of Amy Dora, and they could have seen her easily had they not been too much taken up with each other to notice anything or anybody else. But Amy Dora's guilty conscience made a coward of her and she hardly dared so much as wink lest they should happen to glance across and catch her at it. So she was obliged to stand painfully still and be extra careful not to make the slightest sound.

It seemed as if several hours must have passed, and still Aunt Lucie and Mr. Jack did not go. By and by the old man hobbled back with a small bag in his hand. Sitting down on the edge of the platform in front of Amy Dora, he opened the bag and took from it a bottle and something neatly wrapped in a snow-white napkin. This proved to be his supper.



## Amy Dora's Amusing Day

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“Now le’ me see,” he said to himself—and Amy Dora had no trouble in hearing every word—“what my woman has give me to satisfy the cravin’s o’ hunger. Sangwidge an’ jelly-roll an’ apple-pie. My!”—he smacked his lips noisily—“this certainly is good enough for prences and potentates.” He bit a large piece from the sandwich. “M-m-m,” he mumbled, “this sangwidge tastes good, and the jelly-roll looks good, and the apple pie *is* good, I know. I tell ’em my woman doos make the best apple pie, if I do say it that shouldn’t—she doos make the very best apple pie of any woman, I don’t care who ’tis, that the President of these United States presides over. The crust is jus’ as short as—as pie-crust, and the juiciest apples sliced thin, and a drop o’ lemon, an’ sweetened with genuwine maple sugar, and just a wee dust o’ cinnamon—oh, my!”

This description and the sight of the food tempted Amy Dora so sorely—for she now found that she was desperately



## Amy Dora's Amusing Day

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hungry—that when presently the old fellow picked up his bottle and refreshed himself with a long draught of cold tea, she quickly stooped and, reaching forward, snatched a piece of the pie—it was a quarter cut in two—and began to eat it ravenously. It was delicious and in no way fell short of the old man's praises. Amy Dora enjoyed it greatly, though she could not refrain from making some noise in eating it, especially as she felt obliged to put it out of sight with the utmost possible dispatch. When it was about three-quarters gone the old man happened to turn, and she knew he was going to look up at her. Before he could do so, however, she succeeded somehow in cramming what was left of the pie into her mouth. Then, hastily brushing the crumbs from her lips with her tongue, she dropped her hands and resumed her former position. The old fellow stared for some moments in silent bewilderment, then exclaimed:

“I van! be I a loosin' of my eyesight, or is that new figger's face fuller'n 'twas



## Amy Dora's Amusing Day

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a spell ago? Doos seem's if its cheeks had growed mighty kind o' chunky like, it doos for a fact. Wax ain't meltin' an' beginnin' to run, is it?"

Amy Dora thought he never was going to take his gaze off her, but he did at last, and directed it toward his pie. Immediately he gave a cry of dismay.

"Well, I do vum! be I a goin' loony? I ain't never been an' et part o' that pie! I couldn't 've, and me not finished the sandwidge fust. 'Twould be doin' things wrong eend foremost, and I know I ain't done it. No, I don't taste no taste of cinnamon in my mouth. It's dretful sort o' queer about that pie. My woman always puts up a quarter of a pie, but if that there is a quarter of a pie, I'd just like to see the shape of the pie 'twas cut out of."

Having swallowed with two or three painful gulps what was left of her pilfered lunch, Amy Dora kept very quiet after this, and finally the old man finished eating and grumbling, and took himself off, much to her relief. Soon



## Amy Dora's Amusing Day

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afterward Aunt Lucie and Mr. Jack went too, and she was able to slip out from among the Russian imperial family, and presently to escape to the street. In trying to find her way to Pennypuller, Pinch & Trotbouncing's Great Department Store, however, she wandered about so long that she was beginning to fear she had gone very far astray, when a curiously familiar voice called out to her :

“Hi! hi! hi! are you lost, or what?”

The Checked Baby and  
The Tearful Mother





## CHAPTER VII

### THE CHECKED BABY AND THE TEARFUL MOTHER

IT was the shipper, with his straw hat, gunnybag apron and open-work shoes, who had hailed Amy Dora, and he was standing in the same doorway where she had seen him first.

“No, I am not exactly lost,” she said doubtfully, “but—

“Not lost, but mislaid perhaps,” he suggested, smiling. “I reckoned you were coming for that carriage.”

“Yes, I should like the carriage as soon as I can go and get the baby. I left him at the check-room of Pennypuller, Pinch and—and so forth’s.”

“Well, this is Pennypuller, Pinch’s rear entrance,” said the shipper; “come right along with me and I’ll show you the check-room.”

At the check-room the former attend-



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ant had been replaced by a younger and more agreeable one. She really looked quite distressed when she was told by Amy Dora that her check was missing. It was a rule of the establishment, she said, that no babies or other parcels should be delivered from the check-room unless on presentation of the corresponding check.

"Excuse my speaking of it," said Amy Dora, after a few moments' hesitation, "but I left a small cash deposit here, and as my pocketbook is gone I shall need some money to pay my carfare home."

The attendant opened a big account-book and consulted it briefly. "There was a deposit of twenty-five cents, you are right," she said. "I find charged against it, however, the sum of six cents for milk to feed the baby, and one cent for a rattle to amuse him when he cried and woke up all the other babies. Could you get home with the eighteen cents remaining?" she asked, passing out the money.



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"I couldn't very well get home with *all* of it," replied Amy Dora, who liked precision, "but I can use part of it for carfare, and get home with what is left—unless my pocket should happen to be picked on the way." Taking the money, she was moving off, when a thought struck her which caused her to turn again to the window. "Could you—could you just as well lend that baby to me long enough for me to try whether he fits the carriage I left with the shipper?" she inquired diffidently.

The attendant demurred at this strange request at first, but finally decided to gratify Amy Dora, and handed the baby out. She seized the baby eagerly and hurried back to her friend the shipper. He at once produced the pram and she placed the baby in it, finding that he fitted it, or it fitted him to perfection. As she was arranging the coverlet a much-flushed and excited young woman came hurrying upon the scene.

"Oh, miss, you have my baby," she cried breathlessly, "my dear, darling,



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sweet little baby. I am so glad. Where did you find him?"

"I found *this* baby on the floor," answered Amy Dora stiffly and not at all pleased at finding a probable owner for her intended playmate. "I stubbed my toe against him—that is to say, the check for him, and—"

"He's mine," interrupted the woman, somewhat uneasy at Amy Dora's manner of treating her claim.

"He may be," was Amy Dora's cool rejoinder, "but your saying so doesn't prove it."

"Why, he *is* mine, miss, my very own," protested the woman. "I'll show you that he is." She stooped over the carriage, extending her hands invitingly toward the child. "Want to come?" she cooed, "does oo want to tum?"

The baby waved his fat fists and crowed delightedly in response.

"Pooh! that's no proof," said Amy Dora. "I can make him do that. See!" Then she bent forward, as the woman had done. "Want to come," she re-



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peated, smiling down at the child, "does  
oo want to tum?"

The baby, thinking it a game to amuse  
him, waved his fists more energetically  
and crowed even louder than before.

"There! you see," she said triumphantly.

"But he is mine," the woman insisted,  
"my very ownest own baby and the only  
one I have, too."

"Then you ought to have been more  
careful of him," said Amy Dora reprov-  
ingly. "I don't see how you could have  
been so extraordinarily careless as to go  
and lose him."

"It was careless, I'll allow," said the  
woman meekly. "You see miss, I took  
him out of his carriage to go into a store  
where there were some bargains adver-  
tised—some perfectly lovely chromos in  
seven colors for only—"

"Chromos are dear at any price," put  
in Amy Dora disdainfully. "My papa  
says they are machine-made imitations  
of bad art."

"Then there were some of the beauti-



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fullest bronzed clothes-pins tied with cherry and old-gold satin ribbons," the woman was continuing, when the pitiless Amy Dora interrupted again.

"Now what possible use could you have for bronzed clothes-pins tied with old satin ribbons?" she demanded.

"Not old ribbons, miss, they were brand-new—or a little mite shop-worn, perhaps, but they'd never been used one bit, and they were marked way, way down below zero 'most. Well, anyway, when I came out of that store some bad, wicked person had run off with the carriage. I didn't know what to do at first, but finally I hurried into Pennypuller and—and the rest of it, and got the baby checked. Then, somehow, I lost the check, and didn't know it till long afterwards. I was in such a dreadful hurry, you see, rushing over to the police-station to give notice about the carriage. And they kept me there a long time, and then they finally caught the thief and wanted me to stay a long while more to be a witness against him, although they didn't



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find the carriage, which they thought the wind must have blown away, and—and there was a lot of bother, and I didn't get away till half an hour ago, when I came straight back here. And now you won't give me my baby."

She was a very young woman and she looked as if she were going to cry. Amy Dora began to relent a little from her cruelty, but she would not yet admit that she was entirely satisfied. She stepped quickly in front of the child and spread her skirts so as to hide him from the woman.

"If he is yours you must prove property by describing him," she announced with great firmness.

"Oh, I can do that easily enough, miss," returned the woman, changing her mind about crying, and beginning almost to smile. "He has golden hair, blue eyes, a little bit of a nose, not much mouth, six teeth, a scratch on the front of his neck that was made with a pin when I was dressing him, and—"

"Wait!" commanded Amy Dora; and,



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turning to the baby, she opened his lips with her fingers and peered into his mouth. "Six teeth, you say. Yes, that's right, four up-stairs and two down. And I see the scratch under his chin. Well, I suppose he must be your baby, but you can't have him, because you were careless enough to lose the check, and I was so unfortunate as to have it stolen, so he belongs in Window B until—"

"Dear! dear!" broke in the woman, beginning to cry in reality this time, "how very cruel that I can't have my own baby! Will they—will he have to live at Window B for the rest of his life?" she asked, tearfully.

Before Amy Dora could make any reply to this question, a man, out of breath and red with running, entered the shipping-room. It was the same one who had volunteered to set off in pursuit of the thief.

"I caught him. I got it," he announced, holding up the portmonnaie in triumph; but he had not had a chance to place it in its owner's hands when the



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young mother rushed up to him and threw her arms around his neck, crying out:

“Oh, Jotham, these wicked people at Pennypulley, Pinch and—and all that are going to keep our little Washie Georgington—I mean Georgie Washington for ever and ever so long, if not always, just because the old check was lost and stolen and—”

“Stop!” interposed Amy Dora, who had picked up the pocketbook as it fell from the astonished young man's hand, “don't waste your tears; you'll need them next time you lose him. Here's your check all right, so you can redeem him and stop crying, or stop crying first if you've no objections and can just as well. And here's something to buy a little present for him—”

Without waiting for Amy Dora to finish her sentence, the woman seized the check, and, with baby, baby-carriage and husband, hurried off to arrange matters satisfactorily at Window B; and that was the last she saw of any one of them.



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Amy Dora reached home just before Aunt Lucie, and soon afterward a parcel delivery wagon stopped in front of the house.

"Why, what does this mean?" exclaimed Aunt Lucie, as a man came up the steps with a struggling, snapping, snarling pug dog in his arms. "Why is he bringing that animal here?"

"Because I—the stout woman told him to," said Amy Dora in a faint voice. She had hoped the dog would have been brought home before Aunt Lucie should learn of his escape.

Without a word Aunt Lucie went out into the hall where a servant was admitting the expressman.

"Ten cents, if you please," said the latter, dropping the pug with an air of great relief, "and it's worth ten times as much to bring him—the little spit-fire. Hi! hi! now there'll be a rumpus sure."

Unperceived by anybody till now, another dog had squeezed through a partly open doorway, and was coming



“ ‘NOW, AMY DORA, TELL ME THE WHOLE STORY’ ”





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toward the first dog with an air of fierce hostility. Amy Dora stared at the two in dismay and astonishment. They were as like as two peas and each wore the same shade of ribbon about his neck. It was clear now that she had made a blunder; the dog she had seen downtown was not Gypjie at all. How much trouble she might have saved herself if she had discovered it earlier.

"Separate them! stop them!" cried Aunt Lucie, as the two pugs, after warily circling about for a moment, suddenly flew at each other's throats.

The expressman darted forward and seized one of the combatants, while the servant who had come to open the door laid hold of the other. Thus, though both continued to bark furiously, the danger of bloodshed and an unpleasant scene was averted.

"I'll give you a dollar if you'll take that creature away," said Aunt Lucie to the parcel delivery man.

"Where shall I take him?" the man asked.



## Amy Dora's Amusing Day

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"Look on his collar, and see if his address isn't given there."

The man lifted the baby blue ribbon and presently found a metal plate bearing the inscription "T. Nettleven, Hotel Walled-Off." When he had taken his dollar and departed with the duplicate Gyppie, and the original Gyppie had been put back into the library, Aunt Lucie said severely :

"Now, Amy Dora, tell me the whole story."

Then Amy Dora shamefacedly confessed to the last detail.

"Well, Amy Dora Applegate," said Aunt Lucie, sighing heavily, "your case is beyond me. I shall leave it for your mother to decide what shall be the proper punishment."

But as this story is being written to-day, and Amy Dora's mother did not return until to-morrow, just what she will decide to do to Amy Dora must be left to the imagination of the reader.

THE END.









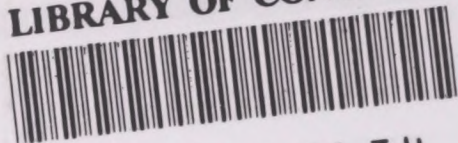


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